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Seventh Series, }  
Volume III. }

No. 2863—May 20, 1899.

{ From Beginning.  
{ Vol. CCXXI.

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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXXI.

## A WEEK IN THE PHILIPPINES.\*

IN NOVEMBER, 1897.

On board the "Esmerelda,"

Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1897.

At about ten o'clock this morning we descried across an azure sea the mountainous and seemingly barren archipelago of the Philippines, and shortly after we entered the bay of Manila. The strait is divided into two passages of unequal width by the island of Corregidor, and a local proverb says that fools choose the broader, and clever folk the narrower, of these ways. We took the narrower, and found the bay encircled by verdant plains, broken at intervals by isolated mountain peaks. The surface of the bay is immense, but it is agreeably sheltered from the monsoons, which blow from May to September. The wild and thickly wooded country on our right is, I am told, inhabited by the Negritos, the aborigines of the islands, whom the Spaniards have never subjugated. Like the Ainos of Japan, they are steadily declining, and will presently disappear, taking with them the secret of their origin and the legend of their life. There is nothing more to be said about them except that they have massacred and been massacred by turns,—which is the epitaph of many a people.

\* Translated for The Living Age.

At eleven o'clock the captain has the bell rung for lunch.

"Isn't this rather early, captain?"

"It is; but we shall cast anchor in an hour, and if the Custom-House officers catch us at table, do you know what will happen? They will all sit down with us. You don't know by sight either the officers or the carabineers, or the doctors of these Spanish ports, and the rascals are always famished. The minute the cloth is laid they plant their elbows on it and show their teeth."

So lunch was served promptly and cleared, and an hour later we had stopped within a mile of Manila.

This, then, was the city of which I had heard so much from refugees at Hong Kong,—the city which, on the 3d of August, 1896, was all but captured by two thousand insurgents, armed with knives, bamboo lances and amulets. I knew something about the history of the place, and of the war which has attacked and undermined it during the past fourteen months. I knew that military tribunals were working with the regularity of *mitrailleuses*, and that the town was reeking with the patriotic intoxication of national guards. I had read somewhere or been told that the poet, To-

mas Caraves, had laid aside the lyre to assume the sword; that the judge, Don Isaac de las Pozas, and the Magistrate Ricafort had traded off their togas for officers' uniforms, and that Don José Moreno Lacalle was amusing his compatriots by a sort of naval guerilla warfare. One old Filipino, who was condemned to death twenty years ago, and has been living peaceably at Hong Kong ever since, urged me by all means to go to Luneta.

"A certain number of people are shot in the plaza there every morning, and they have music at night."

Meanwhile, I am looking with all my eyes, and what I see is a chain of hills with a strip of country at their base, whence rise the domes and towers and spires of innumerable churches. There are so many that the place appears like a cemetery full of mausoleums. Round about them are a circle of house-roofs half hidden in foliage. A line of masts, gilded by the sun, reveals the course of a river, the mouth of which is masked by a long break-water dazzlingly white against the intense blue of the sea.

A silence as of death broods over the whole scene, reminding one of the buried cities of Ceylon; those cities full of convents and Buddhist temples, isolated amid the jungle, and glassing their ruins in stagnant ponds.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 20th, 1897.

My first impression of Manila is so strong that it confuses my brain like a heavy wine with a rich bouquet. I expected to see a place haunted by the spectre of war: I find instead a careless and light-hearted city—a little disorganized, it is true, but quite as if it had been so from time immemorial. It is a strange town, unlike any I have yet seen in the far east. It is dirty and dilapidated, muddy and dusty at the same time, but it lies in a bath of quivering light, amid its sunny groves

and gardens, worm-eaten wooden houses, crumbling stone houses, tumbling mud-houses, ramparts that sink under their burden of gigantic vines and creepers, rickety, rusty gates, buildings blackened by time and fire, huge churches of an architecture so elementary that they seem to have grown out of the earth; the mute shadow of convents, oddly shaped plazas; quarters where Chinamen sell Paris goods in sordid shops; ill-paved streets lined with sparkling goldsmiths' windows, cross-ways which are like an evocation of old Spain; the authorized *Botica* of Fernandez, and a little further on the Bank of Great Britain; a river whose broad curves, diminishing in the distance, wash the basements of long lines of attractive-looking painted houses; a bridge much too narrow for the traffic which crosses it; impossible vehicles, goaded buffaloes and horses cruelly beaten; the solemn immensity of tropical parks, with their dark vaults crossed by undulations of light as the wind stirs the branches; fragile drawbridges locked by nature's hand 'in a tangle of creepers; roads bordered by irregular villas, clumps of bamboo and miserable huts; roads ruinous and well-nigh abandoned, leading to churches;—such was the panorama that I beheld, all in one wild confusion of dazzling colors and somber shadows most grateful to the eye, as my cab jolted over the deeply rutted pavement in the hot sunshine, covering me with splashes of warm mud. Manila is not sumptuous like Colombo, where the reddish soil under the long vistas of cocoanut palms turns purple in the light of the setting sun; it has not the hard splendor of Singapore, which is an English manufacturing town, with lawn-tennis courts bordered by Chinese tombs; nor the raw splendor of Saigon; nor the concentrated picturesqueness of Macao, that gaudy stage-scene peopled by Chinamen who have



fattened on piracy and dead-beat Portuguese adventurers. Manila has nooks and corners which remind one of all these places; but the latter are of recent date, except Macao, which is dead and falling into decay; while here the ancient Spanish colonial civilization still subsists, though in a shaky, decrepit and moribund condition. Its grandeur is a thing of the past; its misery is unmistakable. The life of the laity is one of makeshifts and lazy provisional arrangements; that of the clergy seems based upon a sense of some mysterious connection between the prizes of time and the promises of eternity. It all reeks of Spain—the Spain of “Carmen”—the Spain whose ingrained sensuality, aggravated by bloodshed, intensified in the shade of the cloister, has penetrated to the marrow even of the races that she has conquered. Mother of massacres, and yet mistress of delights! Manila would be a doleful town, indeed, but for that perfume of amorous pleasure which floats out of its open windows and exhales from its very walls and paving-stones.

The moment I had stepped off the dock into a seemingly deserted street, I discerned that odor of rice-powder and musk with which the whole air of the Philippines appears to be saturated. Everywhere, along the streets, upon the door-steps, before the shops, in gardens and under colonnades, I saw women wearing trained skirts, black aprons, white chemisettes with full short sleeves, and their handkerchiefs crossed over the breast; bare-armed, bare-throated, bare-footed except for low slippers, with cigarettes between their lips and loose hair falling to the waist. Their movements are languid, but there is authority in their indolence, and sovereignty in their grace. With their bold foreheads, brilliant eyes, wide, quivering nostrils and pouting lips that seemed formed for the

sucking of ripe fruit, they walk secure in admiration of men, and in the efficacy of the scapulary, which is visible as a black patch under the transparent scarf. If these women are sinners, they evidently feel that they carry their absolution with them. The native Indians move about like tame and gentle animals, in their long shirts and white drawers, as though they had just gotten out of bed. The shirt, which is white or cream-color, is either made of some stuff softer than silk and finer than linen, or of cotton, opening in front and starched like ours, and one hardly knows whether the whole get-up is more absurd or indecent.

A far-away sound of tambourines and clarionets envelops the silence with an atmosphere of music. Before one of the churches I saw a band of musicians dressed in white and accompanied by banner-bearers practising for the *festa* of the local saint, which was to occur next day. Toward night-fall the narrow streets began to resound with footsteps and the broader ways with the rattle of vehicles. The Spaniards and the rich half-breeds were all awake and abroad, adorned and perfumed and hurrying to their evening *rendezvous* upon the beach, to which they were summoned by a flourish of trumpets. All crowd toward the Luneta. They cross the bridges, roll under the huge leafy arches of a park which has the dignity of a forest, come out upon an open square where the sound of breaking waves is distinctly audible and gather at an illuminated kiosk. There, in a twilight vaguely reflecting the bluish glare of the electric light, and rent, at intervals, by the clang of a brass band, crowds of shadowy beings are, seated side by side, rubbing shoulders amid a general buzz of gaiety broken by peals of laughter, while a long procession of cabs and landaus defiles before them, bearing behind the inevitable two lackeys,

priests in their cassocks, gold epaulettes, tall hats and feathered hats. A suggestion of perfumed tresses and mantillas comes from the open victorias, and by and by, being already enervated by the heat of the day, I find the fragrance oppressive, and tell my man to drive faster. Just then a particularly splendid equipage goes by us with a perfect blast of iris-powder, and my Indian turns round upon his box to say, "That is the Archbishop's carriage."

He was perhaps making game of me, but the fact is indisputable that women and priests between them rule Manila. One feels from the first moment that *she* is powerful here, and *he* omnipotent. He has flung aside, as a quite unnecessary constraint, the traditional discretion of manners and humility of bearing. The world and the souls that dwell therein belong to him, and he struts about his domain. The soldiers who stroll along the pavements, the volunteers in gray, who turn up their straw sombreros so jauntily, are merely his body-guard, or the men whom he employs to do his dirty work. We meet him everywhere, lolling back in his barouche, with a cigar between his teeth, and bestowing upon all and sundry the self-satisfied gaze of a *parvenu* millionaire. This very afternoon, when we came back to the Hotel de l'Orient, there was a big Capuchin seated near the entrance with a "book" before him, who dropped his breviary to look at us. I have met both Augustines and Franciscans, who were fine figures of men, with shoulders well adapted to the wearing of armor, and hands fit to wield the rapier of heroic times. Compare them with the pitiable Tagals, and one understands why they should so long have continued to inspire a kind of superstitious awe. Compare them, on the other hand, with the youth from among whom Spain recruits her army of

defence: those children of Seville and Cadiz, exhausted by hereditary privation, shivering with fever, too weak to endure the weight of their uniforms under a tropical sun, and you will get a vivid idea of the decline of the Spanish power. This evening, on my way back from the French Consulate, I passed a long line of barracks erected on piles. They were improvised hospitals and though they were built but yesterday, their accommodations are insufficient. The doors were thrown wide open to admit the evening breeze, and the hanging lamps that depended from the cross-beams at intervals revealed countless little black heaps like the mounds in a grave-yard. The silence was broken only by a few moans or an occasional rattle. They were soldiers who had dropped in the ranks without a glimpse of the enemy: slain by the sun of Manila. Far away among the trees I could distinguish a triangle of fire and some illuminated house-fronts. I asked some people whom I met on a bridge what it meant, and they could not tell me, but at length one man explained that it was the *fête* either of some saint or some *padre*. The town appeared to be quite deserted, but its heavy perfumes are omnipresent and make their way even through my closed blinds.

#### Sunday Morning.

I have taken up my abode in the principal hotel of the city, and an extraordinary hotel it is. Situated upon the great square where the streets all issue that lead from the port, it has a majestic entrance, and stairways yet more majestic leading to the gallery of the first floor. Upon this gallery, which is very broad and has a waxed floor, and a row of lounging chairs all round it, alternating with plants in pots, open the folding doors that lead to the bed-chambers. The latter are too large and too high, and the impres-

sion of emptiness which they convey is but enhanced by the canopied bedstead, without bed or mattress of any kind, where a sheet is carelessly spread at night over a trellis of cane. The hotel is kept by a Spanish woman who never appears, and might well be supposed not to exist. Here, there and everywhere, astride on the railing of the stairway, or leaning over that of the balcony, are sly-looking little Tagals, all dressed in white, like the pastry-cooks in a comic opera, who observe your movements with a certain curiosity. Sometimes you find them ensconced in the arm-chairs reading the newspapers, or lying flat on the divans with their legs in the air, fanning themselves with pocket handkerchiefs; or else fast asleep. These are the hotel waiters. A bell rings: nobody stirs. It rings again: still the same indifference. The guest then gets impatient and gives a resounding peal, whereupon the brown heads of the pastry-cooks all turn toward the door of the bell-ringer, but nobody starts. Finally the traveller bursts out of his room in a fury, lays hands on the fellow nearest him and thunders his order into his ears. It is exactly as if a cat had stirred up a nest of white mice. The man who has received the order stands, for a moment, as if dazed, then repeats it to his neighbor, who passes it on to a third, and he, in his turn, to a fourth. A general commotion ensues, and a series of hurried slides back and forth over the polished floor. But should the trustful traveller retire within his chamber, the excitement will immediately subside, and the little white waistcoats return to their accustomed places.

I awoke at seven in the morning, and had to wait for my coffee till nearly nine, when the news venders brought in the morning papers. I heard the son of the admiral say last night that in three months' time the insurrection

would be a thing of the past. I was told that Aguinaldo was treating with the home government, and had offered to make peace for a million dollars; but when I came to read the long list of brilliant victories over the natives in the Gazette, it seemed to me that Aguinaldo must be the most impudent of Asiatic rascals, beaten as he was, to ask a million dollars for being beaten no more! There were certain of the Spanish generals who so disconcerted the foe by the amazing rapidity of their manœuvres that they must have had the gift of ubiquity. Aguinaldo resembled them, but with this difference, that wherever he popped up Castilian valor immediately beat him back into the ground. He is defeated at morn, at noon, at eve and at night of the same day, at the four cardinal points of the compass, and the whole war appears to be full of miracles. The long lists of decorations for valor in the columns of the newspaper confirmed me in this impression. Such a rain of medals and crosses, and such a display of heroic breasts! And how was it possible to believe that a handful of rebels could long continue to disturb the peace, when they were already talking about erecting a monument in honor of the loyal natives who had fallen?

The Governor Primo di Rivera is just back from a tour through the enthusiastic provinces, and has issued a highly lyrical proclamation, which ends, however, as follows: "To resist these miscreants you will spare neither your lives nor your goods!"

#### Sunday Evening.

I had heard so much about the cock-fights here that I wished to see one. I do not expect to witness any other kind of fight in this time of guerilla warfare. The Spaniards affect to despise these contests as a ridiculous and cruel sport. The slayers of bulls dis-

tain the blood of feathered creatures. My neighbor at breakfast, a professor in the Medical School, remarked to me, "We leave this low amusement to the Indians and the half-breeds. Their passion for it shows plainly how childish and barbarous they are. They would sell their wives and daughters to keep a fighting cock, and would save him in case of fire before ever thinking of their children." Accordingly I turned my steps towards the *gallera*, or cock-pit, at the hour when the women sally forth for vespers, dressed as for the ball-room and laden with more perfumery than ever. The shops were all closed, excepting the gay stands of the cigarette venders; and by good luck those of the Chinamen were also open, for I was overtaken, as I crossed one of the squares, by a perfect deluge of rain, and I owed my salvation to a grocer from the Celestial Empire. I made my way into a little hole of a place which constituted the outermost angle of a jumble of bulging buildings. There were no windows, but there was a large door on either side, with cracked and dingy panels, and there were no tiles or flooring of any kind, only a three-legged stool planted somewhat askew in the naked earth.

Behind a counter were shelves laden with all manner of nameless objects; the family were reclining round about upon bags of potatoes, and a woman stood upon the threshold of a still darker room combing her hair. The square outside was presently transformed into a marsh, and the water overflowed into the premises of mine host. The doors were then closed, and we all remained shut up in a nauseating darkness lighted only by the twinkling of pipes. Then the rain began to drive in under the ruinous doors, and a vain attempt was made to repair their breaches with mud. The flood gradually surrounded the counter and

finally gained the potato-bags; whereupon the woman set her comb between her teeth and administered a slap to her husband, who bestirred himself in silence and made some further efforts to repel the deluge. At last the rain ceased and I effected my escape from that frightful shop, the counterpart of many others which the tactiturnity of the Chinamen renders mysterious. There are eighty thousand Chinese in Manila; eighty thousand impassive witnesses of the duel between the Spaniard and the native. Massacre and pillage go on about them, but they stick to their work. The hostile camps are agreed not to molest them, for they represent the future of the country. They insure it for tomorrow. Without them we should not get even one meal a day at the Hotel de l'Orient. They reckon five elements in Asia: air, fire, water, earth,—and the Chinaman. The last brings the others together, and is thus not the least essential to the life of the people.

I was fortunate enough to find a cab, which conveyed me to the uttermost extremity of the town, and set me down before a vast barrack of bamboo roofed with thatch. I made my way inside and found myself in the midst of a deafening din of cries, cheers, bets, trampling of feet, clinking of bottles, confused appeals and altercation. To this there succeeded a silence of what seemed almost agonizing suspense, broken only by the sound of people moving in and out, eating and drinking. Then suddenly the uproar broke out again, all the more violent for its brief suspension, so tremendous indeed that I think the roof must have been lifted from the stout beams on which it was laid, if there had been no gaps in the thatch to let out the sound. I made my way between tables laden with fruit and dusty cakes, bottles and slices of pork, and the stale odor of the food, mixed with the pungent exhalation

tion of the barn-yard, was rather sickening. Some of the cocks, who were tied by the foot to the legs of the tables, appeared to be in an agony of terror; others, more familiar with the place, picked up what they could between the feet of the passers-by. On either side ascended rows of wooden seats crowded with Tagals, and in the center of the place I could now discern upon a platform, railed around like an enormous cage and approached by wooden steps, a seething mass of black heads, white shirts, European costumes, heads thrust forward and other heads peering over them. More than two thousand people were collected on the steps and inside the cage; but they recognized me for a stranger and made way for me to approach the platform, where I was presently thrust forward into the front row. I was even offered one of the two stools with which the place was provided; the other being occupied by a big, black-bearded Spaniard with a band of crape around his arm. All about us were Chinamen, half-breeds and Indians, either standing or squatting upon their heels. The Indians were the most numerous; the half-breeds fewer, while the Chinamen in their splendid robes were easily counted. One of these last fumbled in a large bag with fingers that glittered with diamonds. But of Spaniards I saw not more than three or four.

The *gallera* is opened at nine o'clock, after which hour the contests go on without intermission. Rich amateurs keep up yards where the cocks are trained, as men with us have racing-studs and stables. The Manila cocks have no occasion to envy the horses of Long-champs; they are treated with the same high consideration; their pedigrees are preserved; they are most expensive articles to own. A good fighting cock is worth six or seven hundred francs. His education demands firm and delicate fingering, together with a

thorough knowledge of the cock's anatomy. The cook attached to his person must see that his charge does not get too fat. Every morning a *masseur* works his muscles till they are pliable, and a fencing-master exercises his spurs. On the morning of the conflict the steel spur must be attached by a professional hand before the creature is ready for the fray. On no account would a proprietor suffer the shadow of a strange hand to fall upon his bird before the duel; for the art of training these plumed gladiators is no better understood than the things which mysteriously fascinate and paralyze them. The merest trifle may undo the work of six months and throw the ingenious live fighting-machine out of gear. A tap of the finger may discourage; a misplaced caress completely enervate him. He must arrive intact upon the platform of the *gallera*. There his master takes him between his hands and presents him to another cock; and as soon as the impatient rivals begin to ruffle their feathers and peck at one another, they are let go. For an instant they eye one another warily, with inflated crests, necks bristling as if with iron spikes, and rigid wings lifted high above the play of the spur; then there is a rush, a tumble, a whirlwind. The duel continues for the space of a lightning-flash. The vanquished often falls without any one having seen the fatal stroke. If both are hit and one mortally, the one who retreats has lost, and is plucked alive. Wounded or not, the defeated one is always put to death. Nothing remains for him but the pot or the spit, unless his master, wishing to spare him this last disgrace, has him interred in his own garden. *Sta Viator: heroem calcas*. Before the conflict takes place the bets are recorded, and the *pesos* which have been staked are all piled up in the most orderly manner. When the duel is decided, the money is paid up, amid deafening cheers. I



must confess, though perhaps I ought to be ashamed to do so, that I rather enjoyed the contests of this arena. A few drops of blood were shed, but the thing seemed to me quite innocent, upon the whole. I am convinced that a cock would much rather die by the spur than at the hands of a cook, they go into it with such enthusiasm! And if you look at them dispassionately, unblased by any pecuniary interest, they offer a wonderful parody, or epitome, of ourselves and our prejudices and antipathies. Have we not evolved the conception of gods who treat human beings exactly like cocks, and bet, between two cups of nectar, on their savage mania for needless murder? To the honor of the human race be it said, that among the cocks whom we passed in review, there were some who gave proof of extraordinary sagacity. They looked one another over from head to foot, and simultaneously turned their backs. They then walked gravely away, lifting their claws disdainfully, as though to avoid the stain of senseless insult.

I was about to leave the place, when an unprecedented uproar arose at the sight of two fresh combatants, one thin and black, the other ruddy, his wings all shimmering with purple and gold. The first had the hang-dog look of a conspirator; the second, the majestic mien of an Emperor. The betting immediately became more lively, and a half-breed close beside me, whom I had not before observed, whose bald head, smooth face, false eyes, and vicious mouth made him a perfect type of the freedman of the Lower Empire, emptied his purse upon the black cock's board, crying, "I bet on the Indian!" The two cocks were then let go, and we all held our breath. They scanned one another for an instant with blood-shot eyes, neck thrust forward, and tail-feathers all a-quiver; then suddenly the black bird bent his legs and

bowed his crop to the ground, yet without ever taking his eyes off the foe. The latter, stiffening his outspread wings like the quills of a porcupine, opened his beak like a pair of shears, and made a plunge. After a moment of suspense the unfortunate black cock was assailed by a tempest of hisses, of which he appeared to take no notice. This could not go on forever, and accordingly they were parted, and then set on afresh, but no sooner was this done than the black cock fell on his knees again, as though hypnotized by the dazzling aspect of his rival. The public assailed him with cheers and laughter; those who had betted on him yelled out the most abusive epithets, applauding at the same time the splendid vermillion cock, who let fall his wings as though disgusted by the cowardice of his adversary, and pranced about before the spectators. "It's not my fault," he seemed to say; "I wanted nothing better than to fight, but what can you do with such a poltroon as this? It would be beneath me to kill so contemptible a thing! Gentlemen, I appeal to you!" Once more they were parted. Their beaks were sharpened; the spur of the wretched black cock was re-adjusted; but the moment they were released, down went the black upon his knees again, with eyes fastened upon the Emperor. The latter came up as though to have done with the business, head thrust out and spurs erect; then suddenly he, too, seized by a mysterious panic, turned tail and fled like a partridge into a furrow. An indescribable frenzy of noise ensued, accompanied by a perfect hail-storm of canes, hats, handkerchiefs and bunches of cigars. The spectators appeared to have taken leave of their wits. They invaded that part of the cage reserved for the combatants, and went striding about, turning somersaults, or walking on their hands and flourishing their legs in air. My half-



breed, meanwhile, was yelling with an ugly smile, "*Viva la España!*"

Monday.

I have been trying to get a plan of the town, but they tell me that the military government has bought up all the plans and maps, and nothing but paper seems to be sold in the book-shops. Spain distrusts printed matter; and high officials, who chance to need information, evade the street censorship by applying to the European consuls. I remember once going into a book-shop near a big church which projected far out into the square, and asking the Spaniard who kept it to show me whatever he had about Manila and the Philippines. He smiled a sad smile, and produced several shabby tomes and a pamphlet or two, whose titles had disappeared under the destructive hand of time. The volumes whose backs I could see gleaming upon the shelves in the dark depths of the shop were without exception missals and books of devotion, and they were no newer or more attractive than the others. The dust which covered them was not like that dust which makes the shelves of our old collectors like cellars filled with rare elixirs. It was redolent of decaying commerce, and an indifference worse than death. The shopman followed the direction of my glance, and shrugged his shoulders despondently, "Ah, Monsieur," he said, "to you as a Frenchman I can speak freely. I am ashamed to receive you in so poor a shop, but there is no place for book-sellers in this country. You will find nothing to read anywhere, and I am reduced to the ignominy of selling almanacs and these hideous little images, which I blush to offer you."

But if the book-trade is dull at Manila, there are other industries which flourish famously. Women weave out of pineapple fibre the light fabrics out of which they make their perfumed

neckerchiefs. I visited, in the alley of San Sebastiano, on the first floor of a huge silent house, rooms which are not swept twice in a year, but where the little fingers of the Malay women produce marvels. Their mistress, a toothless old half-breed, showed me *panucias*, or simple kerchiefs, worth a hundred dollars, mantillas of so sheer a texture as to be almost invisible, and scarfs like those the fairies must have sported when they wound their spindles with Virgin's threads and made themselves robes of morning mist. I liked even better the chemisettes, kerchiefs and mantillas of the San Christo quarter, because the saleswomen there have all their teeth,—not to speak of claws,—and resemble somewhat, in other respects, a band of sad and sentimental cats. They sit behind a counter, which is roofed over and surrounded by open-work screen, and their soft glances and murmuring speech, the sweet seductive manner in which they invite you to buy, their utter self-surrender to a languid rapture of gratitude if you make a purchase, form a strange contrast to the apathy of the Chinaman smoking opium amid his piles of straw hats.

I could hardly have torn myself away from this quarter if the fierce heat of the sun and the thirst induced thereby had not drawn me toward the brewery of San Miguel in the Rue del l'Escolta. Opposite the Grand Restaurant de Paris and the *cafés* frequented by the national guards, are the dressmakers' and goldsmiths' shops. If the Indian will give his wife for a fighting cock, the Spaniard will sell his soul for a trinket. The meanest functionaries wear diamond scarf-pins and load their fingers with rings. The custom-house officers are especially distinguished by the richness of their jewelry. They are all privately married and have no scruple about sporting their wives' wedding presents . . .

Tuesday.

To whom do the Philippines really belong? I had supposed before I came to Manila that they belonged to Spain; and so they do—nominally. The civilized world which makes maps has accepted, on the authority of I know not what treaty or what historians, the fact that they are Spanish territory; but the Sultan of Mindanao and of the Jolo and Sulu groups of islands, maintains the contrary; and his claim is founded on the undeniable fact that he has preserved his independence for five hundred years. The Spaniards found the Moors in the Philippines before them, and they never drove them out. The Negritos in the mountains recognize no master whatever. The Igorretes, distant only a two days' journey from Manila, have their own forms of government, and give a very ugly reception to the heaven-sent stranger. From time immemorial the country has been infested by bands of brigands, who haunt the environs of Manila,—and sometimes even penetrate the city, Spain holds the seaboard, but, unless I have been greatly misinformed, the interior of the country defies her. Many different races live there side by side without co-mingling; and though three centuries have passed since the introduction of the Spanish language, the native idioms continue to prevail. Out of fifty-six districts I found only six where the people talk a little *Christian*: for so it has always been called; not Spanish. If the natives have balked at the Castilian tongue, the victors have taken their revenge by an almost complete neglect of Tagal and Visaya, the two principal indigenous dialects. Since the Spaniards claim sovereignty over these islands, why have they never thoroughly explored them? They have never even made a complete map of the archipelago; and the best proof that their empire is an imaginary one, lies in the fact that the

insurrection which they are at present attempting to put down has never extended beyond a single small canton. It is not that the neighboring populations take sides with Spain, but simply because they are not interested in anything outside their own boundaries. The Spanish government has raised regiments of Visayas, and formidable fighters they are; but the Visayas themselves may be in revolt by to-morrow. After three hundred years in the Philippines, Spain finds herself confronted by islanders who have yet to be subdued. She is curiously ignorant of the country, and can only count on the disunion among the native races to enable her to conquer them one by one. We speak of the Philippine insurrection, but there are no Philippines. It is merely the Tagals of a few districts who have taken up arms; and if we pity Spain for having so long been held in check by the tenth part of the only nation she has ever absolutely dominated, we are equally compelled to smile at Aguinaldo's dream of establishing a Philippine republic!

I have gone over the ancient history of the colony with the same feeling of mingled admiration and sadness that I derive from the story of Peru. In what a frenzy of mingled heroism, avarice and faith did Spain precipitate herself upon the peaceful slumber of the newly discovered islands and continents! Never was nation so carried away by the dream of greatness. There was a moment in her life when her wildest illusions wore an aspect of reality,—even the strange illusion that God smiled upon her massacres. We also have committed massacres in our day, and so have the English and the Dutch traders. Where is the people whose history, and especially whose colonial history, is not stained with bloodshed? But Spain gave to wholesale murder the aspect of a holocaust, and the torch which she applied to the

Indian villages was lighted at her *auto-da-fés*. Her cross was no less malign than the crescent itself; but if the blood of the Moor yet runs in her veins, and if her sons are more easily acclimated in the tropics, and at the equator, on account of their African blood, they are also consumed by a fanaticism which occidental influences have never been able to extinguish, but which no longer feeds the amazing energy of the olden time. They are enervated fanatics to-day; souls at once fierce and indolent; feeble rulers.

The Spaniards began in the Philippines by accomplishing their usual prodigies. Juan de Salcedo, the Cortes of the archipelago, sailed through the islands, vanquished the savage tribes, erected forts, and dispersed the fleet of the pirate Limahon, who was threatening Manila. This preliminary conquest was like a path hewn with a hatchet through the splendors of a virgin forest. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century the Governor of Manila made peace or war at his own sweet will, and treated as a sovereign upon equal terms with the King of Cambodia and the Emperor of China. His soldiers were backed by a priesthood, sprung often from the ranks of the people, and not yet corrupted by wealth, whose very privations fed the flame of their missionary zeal. They were capable of a frenzy of devotion, but also of unflinching self-sacrifice. They did not so much convince the idolater as to magnetize him. When the shadow of their benediction fell upon him, he felt like a hunted creature. They learned his language, lived his life, and, better still, they protected him from the violence of his own compatriots. The political organization of the country seemed to favor the enterprise of the conqueror,—a land of scattered tribes without reigning families or any sacerdotal caste, whose prestige had to be annihilated, and

whose ruins would necessarily become a nest for the hatching of future insurrections. The invaders contented themselves with destroying the authority of the chiefs, and reducing the hereditary aristocracy to a state of vassalage. They suppressed slavery, either out of pure generosity, or because they found it for their interest to do so. Under their surveillance, which is still exercised, the Tagals and the Visayas are exempt from the terrors of intestine war. But little by little, with the decline of religious faith, and the establishment of official routine, the story of the Philippines has become one of unsuccessful expeditions against pirates, and of contests between the civil authorities and the monks. The Spaniards forget, in their greed, that about two-thirds of the archipelago yet remain to be subdued. Their own historians describe that "pearl of the Orient," Manila, as a sink of iniquity. The clergy and the laity vie with one another in their oppressive exactions, and if the Indians and the half-breeds contrive to save a portion of their goods from pillage, they owe the fact to the rivalry among their tyrants. The church titles and the secular taxes confront, intimidate and often neutralize one another. But the temporary official is at a disadvantage, as compared with the permanent monk. The individual is checkmated by the community; the spirit of lawlessness by the *esprit de corps*; single cupidities by organized avarice; a government where everything is for sale by congregations rich enough to buy anything. Undoubtedly there have been, from time to time, honest men in Manila, who have striven to introduce into the life of the place an element of right and justice; but they have left behind them only the memory of their shadows—the vanquished Spaniards acquiesced in the degradation of the civil authority; but when power fell from his hands, it

was the Indian who picked it up. The layman submitted, and the struggle was over, from which, while it lasted, he had always derived a certain advantage. Henceforth he had no protection against the rapacity of those who had but defended in him their own anticipated prey of the morrow.

No end of striking testimony on this point may be gathered from the lips of the Spaniards themselves. Freemasonry was deliberately encouraged by several of the Governors, merely as an indirect means of recovering some part of the power they had lost. I do not quite think that in the flowery words of Marshall Blanco his admission to these societies "enhanced the wild poetry of the Indian's nature;" but I do think that all their mysterious fol-de-rol furnished him with arguments which he turned against his masters. An officer of the Spanish marine told me that a brother of his settled in the northern part of the island of Luzon, intending to cultivate and improve the land, but that the monks forbade the Indians to work for him under pain of excommunication, and he had no choice but to return to Manila. I have before me at this moment the manuscript of a petition, drawn up in prison by a half-breed of the province of Ilocos, and addressed with touching simplicity to the Queen. The worn and soiled pages bear the marks of all the fingers that have turned them as they passed, in secret, from hand to hand through the world of tacit insurgents who abide within the precincts of Manila. I find in this memorial a plain, unvarnished statement of grievances against the monks, who are accused of having raised their rents without regard to the financial crisis, the ravages of the locust, or the diseases which have attacked the hemp and coffee-plants; of having taxed the trees planted by their tenants for the adornment of the properties occupied; of arbitrarily fix-

ing the price of crops; of setting their faces against any form of industry which, while developing the wealth of the country, might also open it to the laity, and invite lay criticism upon their own methods; of refusing gratuitous burial to the natives; and finally of robbing the Filipinos of lands inherited from their ancestors, and causing such as seek redress in the courts to be transported. The Tagals also protest, in the name of native priests who have been turned out of their parishes, exiled from their kindred, and persecuted as accomplices of the insurgents whose confessions they have received. And, alas, what the Indians affirm, the Spaniards involuntarily confirm. Truly it is a singular spectacle this, of two parties enslaved and ruined by the same foe, and cutting one another's throats under the eyes of the conqueror. And all the while the victor is vehemently urging the Spaniards, from whom he has nothing to fear, to act and even, where need is, furnishing him with the means! It was an Augustinian monk, one Mariano Gil, who discovered the papers relative to the *Katipunan* conspiracy.

I have seldom read anything more curious than the memorial presented to the Spanish Senate by Marshall Blanco. Blanco assumed the authority on March 8th, 1893, on the eve of the great outbreak, just as the Masonic lodges were beginning to murmur ominously. Intelligent, rather skeptical, more anxious for peace than for military renown, and caring far less to make himself famous by the sanguinary suppression of a revolt, than to bequeath to his successors a situation of which the difficulties could be resolved by diplomacy alone, at heart a kindly man, he might, in the opinion of some of the insurgents themselves, have spared to Spain the scourge of the war, if interested parties, perceiving that he did not answer to the spur,

had not excited against him the animosity of the scribblers, the insolence of the crowd, the loud clamor of the students, and even the distrust of his own generals. When he returned to Madrid, in 1897, both preceded and pursued by accusations of apathy, improvidence and over-indulgence, he composed or caused to be prepared the *apologia* of which I speak. He pleads his own cause, but also, to some extent, that of justice and humanity. Through the elaborate and slightly inflated Spanish phraseology one cannot fail to discern the pathetic accent of the man who cannot tell all, and who is constrained by his very aversion to a system of pitiless tyranny to publish, and even to exaggerate, the number of his own victims. The plea is urgent, vehement, even fierce; crossed by gleams of eloquent indignation which recall the trumpet blasts of the "Romancero." "What, noble Senators, do you accuse of weakness a general who has commanded four armies, directed difficult campaigns where not a soldier has flinched, governed Navarre, Aragon, Estramadura, Catalonia and Cuba? Even before the insurrection broke had he not caused to be transported one thousand and forty-two persons? Were not thirty-seven shot during the month of September? What more would you have? Is the strength and energy of a government proved by fusillades? Must the policy of concession, which the colonies regard as a ridiculous farce, constantly give place

to one of violence and intimidation?" . . . The indictment against Blanco had been drawn up by an Augustinian monk, the R. P. Fray Eduardo Navarro, and it was at the instigation of the monks that the following telegram was sent on October 31st, from Hong Kong to Madrid: "Situation more serious; rebellion spreading; apathy of Blanco inexplicable; peril only to be averted by the appointment of a commander-in-chief." The "chief" so earnestly expected and desired was the Marquis of Polarieja, lauded by some for his ruthless severity, and very severely condemned by others for the results thus obtained. The general in question, under whose *régime* Rizal, the noblest, perhaps the only really noble, figure in the insurrection, was most regrettably shot, by no means appeased the fury of the Indians.

The Spaniards, who had relied on the weakness and instability of the insurgents, began to tremble. Polarieja covered his retreat by asking for reinforcements from Madrid, was relieved of his command, and Primo di Rivera was appointed his successor. The blood which had been shed had not quenched the fire. Should an attempt now be made to smother it with gold? It would be sufficiently consistent with Spain's traditional policy, but I hardly think that Primo di Rivera, who is now proclaiming war to the death against the Indians, will consent to treat with them.

André Bellessort.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

(To be continued.)

## SERVANTS AND SERVED.

People, as a rule, are not sufficiently impressed with the exceptional importance of the servant class.

Any treatment of them as a class

must have due regard to their many-sided functions, as well as to the mutual duties and responsibilities of employers and employed.



We are practically at the mercy of our servants every hour of the day. They are indispensable to our comfort. You hurt yourself—you ring the bell; you upset the lamp, you feel ill or are laid up, some one attempts suicide in the house, you lose your purse, you break something, the doctor has to be wired for in a hurry—the bell, always the bell! and for every conceivable thing you seek and expect to find ready and effective help instantly at the hand of some servant.

Your rare china, books, ornaments—any number of things of unique value—are placed at a moment's notice under the care of persons who come into your house suddenly. You hardly know who they are, and you have to trust to the word of some stranger, who perhaps does not know very much and will not always say what he knows. Still, we risk all with a blind and cheery confidence which would be thought rash folly in any other sort of business transaction.

When you think of it the situation is a surprising one, or would be if it were not so common. You hand over your children, silver and gold heirlooms, and, in fact, most of your worldly goods, to people who may come in one month and be off the next—and off, too, perchance, with family secrets and such knowledge as would make it easy for any burglar to enter your house and rob with impunity. In dealing with servants all this must be remembered. We often grumble at them; but, considering their temptations and responsibility, as a class they are on the whole wonderfully honest and reliable—and considering their provocations and the indifference frequently shown to their interests, feelings, convenience, and health, servants are, as a rule, kind, attentive and faithful.

In view of such facts, it will be wise to abstain from abusing servants as if they were our natural enemies, or to

expect from them a perfection we do not expect to find anywhere else.

The poor little "slavey" may put her fingers in the treacle—so does Tommy if you don't stop him. Mary Jane may want to go out with her young man at an inconvenient time, and "cheek" mistress if she is refused—so may a dainty daughter. Cook may forget an order, or fail in omniscience or foresight—so do you. Are we not all human?

In our intercourse with servants we shall find them very human, no doubt; but, after all, with the opportunities within their reach, the wonder is they so seldom make a worse use of them. As a class, they are respectable, worthy, honest, and rarely come on the rates unless they marry unwisely. They habitually do more for their old parents and poor relations than many average sons and daughters dream of doing. They are not more indifferent to kindness, not more trouble and worry than any other class of people. And in illness, in old age—ay, and in infancy—who does more for us than the kind-hearted nurse or confidential valet or maid? We sometimes think them ungrateful, but more often than not it is the mistress, not the servant, who is ungrateful, although it must be generally admitted that, in the "better" class at least, mistresses are usually kind and indulgent up to their lights. They seldom ill-treat, under-pay, or under-feed their servants. They only abuse them, and this more often behind their backs.

The very loose conditions of domestic service leave a wide margin of conduct undefined, and give rise to questions having two and sometimes more sides to them, and mutual forbearance will certainly often be necessary. Domestic service is almost the only avocation, trade, or profession in which no adequate or exhaustive legislation exists to protect either mistress or



maid. All the rules date from an epoch when "the three R's" were not common property, and all household arrangements were verbal and, so to speak, by rule of thumb. Judge Stonor's decision in a recent case (*Roberts v. Wilson*) has drawn attention to the disparity between one skilled legal interpretation and another, where the law is founded only on custom and to a large extent local use.

In no other trade is an engagement made between the contracting parties without a written and stamped agreement. In no other trade can an apprentice or pupil be dismissed, frequently without the means of obtaining another engagement, for the sort of reasons which apply and must apply to domestic servants. The peculiar relation between employer and employed in the intimacy of the household renders easy partings indispensable when "ructions" arise, and makes a hard-and-fast line as to hours scarcely possible, unless the establishment admits of servants in relays. All the same, hasty dismissal may involve some injustice, and is liable to inflict additional work upon the other servants. Yet it is extraordinary how seldom servants repudiate the work expected of them, or refuse to help each other even when excessive, or falsify the terms and dates, which often depend on memory only, and memory frequently unassisted by a witness. That this should be so is itself a tribute to the general respectability of servants as a class, and it also speaks well for employers collectively that they seldom push their own rights to the disadvantage of the servant. So that, after all, in spite of the somewhat histrionic strictures and hard words which we occasionally hear of between the employer and employed, there is, as there ought to be, a considerable amount of good feeling beneath the surface.

People are constantly better than their laws, and right-mindedness often saves the situation. In fact, we come back to the old maxim, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and mutual respect and liking, and these only, create good mistresses, good servants, and maintain domestic service as a tolerable condition of life at all.

No doubt servants occasionally peculate, abstract, take toll. So does the confidential clerk, the family trustee, the loving husband, wife, son, who privately pawns your jewelry, even if he stops short of changing your diamonds for paste. No doubt servants will take liberties if you let them; so will others. But I think, if we want to brand a class, the servant class, with their general worth and their filial kindness, would come out no worse than their smart young misses and masters—perhaps even better, considering their temptations.

The engagement of servants is curiously haphazard. Much is taken on trust—trust on both sides. The law has here left the widest margin for judicious treatment. Often nothing is definitely agreed, or even mentioned, as to notice at the time of hiring, both parties being content to let the contract be understood in this respect according to the general custom which regulates the right of both parties as to notice where they have come to no special arrangement on the subject. Of course the custom as to notice, which is well known and accepted, is, first, that either master or servant may put an end to the service by giving to the other a *calendar* month's notice, or that the master may do so upon giving a month's wages in lieu of such notice. The servant is usually engaged for one month, and at the expiration of the first month the master (or the mistress as his agent) may say, "I do not require your further services," pay the agreed wages, and tell the servant to

go. The servant has a similar option. On the last day of the month she, or he, may say, "I am leaving to-day; I contracted to stay a month, but the place does not suit me," and the household would have to put up with the inconvenience. In order to secure goodwill, which may be useful, the servant generally informs her mistress beforehand if she intends to leave at the end of the first month; likewise the mistress, in all goodness of heart and being usually desirous that the servant shall secure another place, informs her during the first month, say after about a fortnight, that she does not suit, and the term of service after the first month will not be renewed. The servant expects this notice, so that she may seek another situation, and this is the general practice. No notice during the first month is *by law* established, although it is *usually* given. It is purely a matter of *treatment*.

With these preliminary considerations in view, it may now be useful to consider in more detail

The employers' treatment of servants, and

The servants' treatment of their employers.

The two points go together—act and react upon each other. The first golden rule is, *Respect your servants*. Recognize that service is honorable and independent. The terms slavey, flunkey, valet, drudge—all have a tendency to drag down and throw discredit on the social status of domestic servants. Such terms should not be used at all.

The servants of to-day retaliate by ceasing to say "Master" or "Mistress," and prefer in turn to be called by their own surnames, rather than familiarly by their Christian names, which stamp them with the badge of social inferiority, as they are not allowed to use a similar freedom. It is not necessary to be obsequious, or to ask as a favor

from a servant what is due as a right. Courtesy is quite compatible with command, and humanity with both, but the practice of *sparing* servants is nevertheless a bad one. Strictness is much better. Servants are under contract, and it is best for master and man and most fair to the community that contracts should be faithfully observed. Certain services are paid for, and certain services should be exacted if necessary. It is a great mistake *not to ring the bell*, not to send on errands, and to do a number of things for servants which they are paid for doing, to forego other things that you want done, *to let them off* and not to remind them of petty omissions. All this spoils servants and promotes slovenliness in the house. Instead of minimizing the labor that is paid for, it is better to find plenty for your servants to do. You thus get more for your money and the servant is happier in the long run.

It is often noticed that when a house is full of company and every one goes tired to bed, content and smartness and alacrity rule in the house, everybody is in good humor; and let the house suddenly empty—the servants immediately get slack, indulge themselves, grumble and give warning. There is abundant room for kindness and generosity at all times and in all places, but let it be clearly understood that largeness of the heart belongs to the unwritten law—it is not down in the bond. The habit of giving frequent presents is a bad one—it encourages rapacity; extra service may be recognized in many ways, but extra service should not mean additional pay, unless there is a special understanding to that effect. Domestic service presupposes a wide margin, to be stretched by the will of the employer, and not questioned by the servants, who have the quick remedy of giving warning always at hand. Whilst they remain

they must do as they are told. The practice of coddling servants is to be condemned. Do not take *too much* note of their ailments. Every one has ailments, and all bread-winners must learn to ignore or work through them up to a certain point, and the more that is done the fewer ailments there are likely to be, and the shorter will be their duration. This is a great difficulty with foreign servants, who have *attaques des nerfs*, the "blues," or hysterics," take to bed, sulk, get homesick: when this is the case they had much better go home.

When servants are sick the employer is not bound to nurse them or pay for their doctoring. If they are led to expect this they will often be sick, and the other servants will consequently have to do their work "whilst they lie on sofas" (Bigelow). No rules about ailments can be laid down, as cases are so different. Of course it may suit the employer to keep a valued servant through a short illness, but seldom through a long one. All sorts of little ailments can also be judiciously treated and put to flight. But an over-personal assiduity is seldom understood or rightly appreciated—it may be even misunderstood. A lady in a good position told me that, her housemaid being seriously ill, she not only paid for her doctoring, but nursed her personally day and night. When the maid recovered she at once gave warning. "Why do you leave after all the care that I have taken of you myself?" asked the lady. "Why," said the girl, "I have my position to consider, and I mean only to take the best places. I thought when I came here you were a real lady, now I know you can't be, or you would not have stooped to nurse me yourself; and I have my own prospects to consult and cannot afford to stay in your place!" Such grotesque ingratitude and stupidity are probably exceptional, but this insolent ingratitude strikes a

certain note—it reveals a temper of mind or tendency in the servant class; they like to keep their position, and they like you to keep yours. Hence we see how impossible it is, even in the freest country, for there to be real equality, except equality of personal rights under equal laws.

Servants are peculiarly sensitive to social distinctions. The popular comedy, "High Life Below Stairs," shows how the servant class is riddled through and through with differences of grade—there the servants are represented in the farce as calling each other "Sir Charles" or "My Lord," according to their master's rank, and treating each other accordingly. They are not happy when made equals.

They don't want to sit down to meat with you, they don't like sitting in your pew or riding with you in your carriage, they don't even like you to meet them dressed for a jaunt in their Sunday best; they may reign elsewhere, but in your house and in your presence they prefer to serve; they feel they best keep their own independence when not sailing under false colors. Let the spheres be defined by contract as well as by natural right, and let the spheres be kept and the treatment appropriate thereto be observed; let the right, fair and square relation, whatever it is, be respected and enjoyed on both sides—this is the servant's notion of liberty, equality and fraternity.

There can be no objection to an occasional largess at Christmas. Christmas boxes brighten the home, up-stairs and down, and the servants should be allowed and helped to make merry; but the tips from visitors staying in your house should be discouraged. Some houses already formally forbid servants to receive tips—as some theatrical managers will not allow attendants to be feed. When a servant takes your place he or she undertakes to wait upon your guests when they

arrive. Our domestic servants are not in the position of *garçons* abroad or waiters at some London restaurants, who receive small pay or no pay because the public are supposed to fee them; the public are not supposed to fee your servants. Of course you cannot prevent your friends feeling them any more than the Poor Law can prevent people giving coppers in the street, though it can forbid begging. Once the principle of no fees fairly denounced, a liberal margin for exceptions may be judiciously and even reasonably winked at for any little or great special services. If people fancy they are indebted, or choose to throw their money away, it is nobody's business but their own.

It is not true kindness, and it is certainly not economy of time or temper, to prolong the engagement of a servant unequal to your situation or uncongenial to you personally; for instance, if you have to complain *several times* of the same thing—better part. If impertinence or sulkiness is habitual—better part. Insolence is of different kinds. A hasty word or hot temper is one thing, and may be rebuked and borne with—perhaps your own temper is not always good—but deliberate rudeness should never be tolerated; let the employer remember, however, that a liberty of tongue not permitted to a servant should never be indulged in by an employer.

Perhaps the chief thing to remember is that what a servant (or we might as well say human nature) values most is freedom (not license, which always demoralizes labor). This makes shop service, with all its oppressive hardship and long hours, popular. The shop assistant knows, as a rule, *when* his tale of bricks is done; the servant never. We call servants up in the night; we order them to bed; we lock the area gate; we turn them into nurses, helps, messenger-boys. We expect them to

sit up to any hour, and to rise on emergency; to forego sleep and even food at stated times at command; to accompany us hither and thither and wait about; to undergo the fatigues and incur the responsibilities of travel at a moment's notice. Now, a wise mistress will study the art of leaving her servants alone within reason—there will be a tacit understanding that between certain hours they are practically not wanted; the bell need not be eternally on the go. Then an indulgent permission to go out—see friends—not in the kitchen—should be liberally granted on suitable occasions. Avoid prying into their affairs, unless they invite sympathy and inspection. Girls' friendly societies have sometimes been complained of by servants for too close scrutiny and inquisitiveness, and by employers as interfering between them and their servants. But, on the whole, girls' friendlies do good work, are appreciated by the girls, and do not often lay themselves open to much adverse criticism. We as employers have nothing to do with our servants' private affairs so long as they serve us regularly and keep themselves and our house respectable. Followers are sure to frequent the kitchen, but they must not be supposed to do so.

To dispense food, even waste food, to outsiders, or store it for sale, is now a criminal offence, and "no bottles" and no anything else should be regarded as perquisites without special agreement. The history of perquisites is the history of robbery, and is the origin of all evil in domestic service: it has been known to come to such a pitch that ladies' maids, counting on the reversion of clothing a little out of date or slightly worn, will scheme so as to prevent their mistress wearing it out, or wearing it even as long as it can be fashionably worn. The butler who "feathered his nest with his master's bottles" is a well-known type of a

whole class ruined by the doctrine of perquisites.

Again, servants of the better sort nowadays are disenchanted with all kinds of patronage and devices for their good. They don't value a seat in church under your eye, nor even concert tickets or to be sent to the play; they would rather go to the pit or gallery and pay. Even cooks prefer to pay for their own improvement in cooking lessons, and if you take in "Good Words" or "Sunday at Home," you will probably find the servants don't read them, but they will read the tracts they get at their own chapels, and occasionally buy the "Family Herald;" but they keep their loves, their religion and their mental culture apart from you. This separation seems to secure them a kind of independence which they value above everything. A servant who is thus emancipated does not give you less willing and efficient service, and those who are encouraged to respect themselves are more likely to respect you. Of course, employers can make rules, and those who serve are bound to keep them. If they have to come in to prayers, or go to church or chapel once, or get to bed by half-past ten or rise at six, or be dressed by one for parlor service, or wear caps and aprons, why, so let it be; but all that goes avowedly or tacitly into the contract, and is therefore no curtailment of such freedom as they claim.

The practice of keeping neat trim maids, with caps with streamers, ribbons, and frilled aprons, instead of men servants in coats apt to wear greasy and shabby, is much on the increase. The girl will wear what she is told to wear, but caps are not popular with upper servants, ladies' maids and housekeepers; this is no doubt a pity, for having to move about and do odds and ends, your lady's maid's hair is often untidy, and she drops hairpins and then her hair drops. If servants

are slovenly in dress it generally means a lack of "blood." You will never mend them, and they will never mend their clothes: holes under the arms, and ragged fringes, and broken stay-bones are almost incurable evils. Mental, like physical, natures, with a constitutional flaw in them, are generally past scolding and past praying for.

Your cook is really the head servant, and must be treated accordingly: the health and safety of the house, the content of the servants, depend largely upon her; but you must not let her get the upper hand of you, even if you leave her to do all the marketing. The more she is allowanced the better; the more you are able to see what becomes of the food, and she sees you expect her to be answerable, the better. Mistresses should not be above looking daily into the larder and making very free remarks about what is there or not there, and they should notice especially the way in which the provisions are being stowed and kept generally. In many houses no beer or beer money is allowed, and servants are quite content, but it is convenient and economical to allow each a half-pound of sugar, a half-pound of butter, and a quarter-pound of tea a week.

As to servants' rooms and their general comfort one can only lay down the most general rules. Every one has noticed the difference in the atmosphere of a servant's and a lady's or gentleman's bedroom: there is almost always what for a better word may be called a stivey smell about the attic bedroom. It comes from a variety of causes—bed linen not changed frequently enough, uncleanly habits, water left standing—the modern covered slop-pail is often to blame. It will conceal for hours, even days, what ought not to be allowed standing for minutes; but out of sight, out of mind. The lady is fastidious, the servant often is not: neglect to open the windows, careless



sweeping, the sequestering of food in cupboards, coarse pomatum, foul hair-brushes, etc.—all these taint the air of a room. It may not be advisable for the mistress to be always fussing about in the servant's bedroom, but she is responsible for the sanitation of the whole house—she has a right to insist upon regulations which shall ensure cleanliness and protect health, and a domiciliary visit occasionally is not only expedient but a household duty.

As to the luxury to be granted to servants, no rule can be laid down. Servants are oddly indifferent to what we call luxury. Few can have, and few seem to care for, a room to themselves. They are much accustomed even to sleep two in a bed; they are moderately apathetic about ventilation, and seldom think of opening the window, never of sleeping with it open. There are little dens, cupboards, cellars in some small Mayfair houses, which servants will be willing and anxious to put up with on account of other advantages, supposed or real. Abroad it is notorious that servants will take contentedly a shakedown under the stairs, or out on a landing, or inside a cupboard where there is hardly room to swing a cat, and though most English servants are more particular, it is wonderful the treatment and accommodation, or want of it, they will tolerate if they can secure a good family, a stylish mistress, fine company, lavish food, and, it must be added, the prospect of tips. We must remember that in most cases at home they have not been accustomed to be housed in luxury, and that from childhood upwards privacy has been a thing unknown, probably undesired; therefore, if they can secure a place after their taste as regards wages and style, they will forego many things which people in a different station of life consider indispensable to comfort.

It is sometimes a debated point how

far servants are to be allowed to pursue the fine arts. The answer is very simple. It is impossible, even were it desirable, to prevent any one pursuing the fine arts. So long as servants do their contract work, the less we interfere with their private pursuits and pleasures the better; but when it is urged that a piano, an easel, or a bicycle should be placed at their disposal, it must at once be admitted that such treatment is not only unnecessary but unwise. If servants ride bicycles out of doors they have a perfect right to do so; if you object to servants who do, you need not engage them. For footmen the use of a bicycle is of great value, and indeed the day may come when the tables are turned, and instead of the servant demanding the use of a bicycle, the master may refuse to engage a valet or a groom who does not happen to possess one. Distances involving 'bus or cab or even rail fares can easily be spanned without expense by a man servant who is expected to run to and fro and deliver notes requiring answers in a hurry, and the two-wheeler will frequently save your horse a journey, as, of course, the first thing your groom does, when he is sent any distance, is to mount the horse. With regard to wages, £18 or £20 should secure a good housemaid; parlormaid will run into £24; cook, £28 to £30, or more; butler, £50 to £100; footman, £20 to £24. Some servants will resist ready-made liveries, and object to wearing those of their predecessors cleaned and altered. This must be matter of arrangement. It is never worth while to raise a discussion of this kind on the threshold of an engagement; and, above all, do not attempt to persuade a servant to conform to your wishes—if he does not like your conditions let him off at once. Some coachmen like wearing their own hats and boots, for which you will then pay them a few shillings a week extra.



Great care must be taken in allowing a new coachman to occupy your stables with his family, unless you are quite sure he will suit you. It is sometimes difficult to get a whole family out of your premises, if in the course of a month or two you decide on a change, and a very hard-and-fast agreement should be insisted on, the law between landlord and tenant being made entirely in favor of the tenant. But various men servants would require an

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article to themselves. Difficulties, all and sundry, will be easily met if right character and right conduct and kindly feeling be in the ascendant, as it should be in a so-called Christian community, for there is ever between human beings duly impressed with a sense of their duties and responsibilities a wide margin for that unwritten code of honor where love becomes the fulfilling of the law.

*Mary E. Haweis.*

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THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.\*

BY MRS. FULLER MAITLAND AND SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

XLV.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, to Sir Richard Etchingham, Tolcarne.

"Dear and Respectable Sir,"—Thank you very much for the letter, the copy of Sir John Davis' poems, and the stack of rosemary just received,—

(Up and down and everywhere  
I strew the herbs to purge the air.)

Your binder, Richard, has mended Sir John Davis' back perfectly. I will appoint him spinal instrument maker-ordinary to my old authors. I like my present and I like the verse you wrote on the flyleaf. To whose garden of poetry did you go to gather it? (Don't forget to tell me this.) And my birthday has brought me other desirable possessions. Mrs. Vivian, whom we should all think as kind as she really is, did she not tell us to the contrary, sent me by the hand of Minnie an old

Psalm Book—the white silk cover embroidered in silver and colored threads by the Nuns of Little Gidding. And Charles presented me with an efficacious umbrella, which confirms my opinion that character shows itself in gifts. (Charles brought his son when he last visited us, and little Harry clamored to be taken home on the ceiling of the omnibus.) Mrs. Vivian turns homeward from Marienbad almost immediately. She tells me that Ada Llanelly is now "glueing herself to that horrible Mrs. Potters, who has turned up here and means to winter in Egypt, and Lady Clementine's dread that Ada intends to marry her boy, who will be at Cairo too, has increased to panic point. But she surely would find your brother Harry less tiresome. George Mure may be clever, but for choice I prefer the cleverness that doesn't make every one brought in contact with it feel qualified for Earlswood." Lady Clementine has given up Christian Science. Her son-in-law, according to Mrs. Vivian, informed her in harsh positive tones that it was "all

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rubbish," and the poor woman's state is again—"to what God shall we now offer up our sacrifice?"

That Harry does not go to the front is, to a craven like myself, most excellent news. He wrote to Cynthia after receiving the tidings of the Pampesford engagement. He wrote, and wrote in that mystic diction that expresses less than is by it understood. It amused me to find that Harry—gulleless Harry—knew in advance of "semper Augustus" invasion of Scotland, and kept his own counsel, which is yet another instance of the secretive effect of one's falling in love. Cynthia showed me his letter not very long after she received it. She answered it, and I do not believe that there were as many words in the epistle as it took minutes to write them. Then she went on posting errand herself. I wish second sight could have enabled Harry to see his postwoman escorting her letter the first stage of the way. When all of a sudden no member of a household, no proven friend, well-loved relation, faithful servant, is to be trusted to post a letter, the letter-writer is perhaps rather far gone through the faëry land of Romance.

The confession of Harry's devotion took Cynthia by surprise, but as soon as the shock of the surprise had passed she realized, I think, how much he was to her. She accepted us all, you see, as relations; and had this been otherwise, Harry's demeanor has misled less unsophisticated beings. That half-chaffing, half-sollicitous, and wholly courteous manner of his may mean everything or nothing. If she was slow to know her own mind, I myself am disposed to sympathize with the mind slow in such recognition. She is a dear, good child, and I think we may feel quite happy and content now about her and about Harry, for, soon or syne, Ada Llanelly at Calro or not at Calro, all I believe will be well.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Carstairs has lent Laura her house at Wimbledon, and it is to be our headquarters till the day that turns our stepmother into a Pampesford? (Laurel Lawn, Wimbledon, is the address.) Mr. Weakes has been found—at Worthing. Worthing somehow seems to befit Mr. Weakes as environment. Sir Augustus is most attentive. Laura beams and bridles. It is all quite delightful and studded with diamonds and ushered in on massive gold plate.

We dined with the Pampesford family last night. The house, as Harry said of Mrs. Potters' house, reeks of money. And though the contents, taken separately, are really above reproach, yet the whole effect is not beautiful in the least, but boastful and nothing more. I came away convinced that even Corots and Millets can be vulgarized by the machinations of framemakers and paper-hangers, and that old Italian cabinets and old Persian prayer-rugs can be overdone up and overdone till they speak of nothing but bank-notes. The very flowers—poor dears, what a shame!—looked purse-proud. I came home, determined that when my room next needs decorating it shall be decorated *à la cell*. There is no "moss" in that Palace Gardens house, and no refining touch of utility. I would give its plenishings from roof to basement for the contents of my mother's sitting-room at Tolcarne. (I hope Mrs. Enticknap attended to instructions and re-arranged everything there after we came away as it was before Laura's reign.) Dreams have a trick of reverting to the past for their background, and I dream of that room sometimes now, and think I see the David Cox water-colors, the delft china, the old lacquer cabinet, in which the mother-of-pearl fish counter lived with which we used to play at commerce, the tortoise-shell workbox, the oval hand-screens upon the chimney-

piece with their faint embroidery of faded flowers—but I need not write an inventory of that upper chamber in your very own house. Don't you like an up-stairs country sitting-room where the windows are on a level with the heart of a tree? Especially when the tree is a cedar-tree, and the windows give upon the west, and the sunset is to be seen framed by the great level cedar-boughs? And when the windows of a room are on a level with the heart of a tree, the birds come so delightfully near. I trust that the jays have not been improved away from the Wellington College fir-woods? The flash of blue wings used to spangle those shades as with gleams of blue fire.

Back to our Pampesford dinner after the country excursion I go. The company was just what we might have expected. Apathetic or restlessly ill-at-ease women "stuck o'er," not "with yew," but diamonds. Men who looked—what did they look? I don't know. What I do know is that, from these persons, Cynthia and Stephen in appearance and manner seemed as far removed as do the etchings of M. Helleu from Gustave Doré's oil paintings, or as the "Voyage autour ma Chambre" does from the Dampshire Times' full report of the wedding gifts to a local bride and bridegroom. The heat was asphyxiating. I sat nerving myself to see the scarlet, choleric-looking gentlemen on either side of me fall insensible into their priceless china plates. The dinner was abnormally long. There was far too much dinner—there was far too much of everything that money brings.

But never you trouble, dear, to describe feminine attire to me again. You said that the Miss Pampesfords' apparel, even to your eyes, looked antique. Antique! No, Dickory. They go clad in the latest fashion. The coloring somber certainly, as becomes the wearers' age, but you

will be calling Mrs. Vivian *démodée* next. My old black rags and Cynthia's new white frock were nowhere beside our hostesses' splendor, and the gown that Blake terms "her ladyship's best ruby" was also quite cowed by the splendid trappings of Laura's future sisters-in-law. The Miss Pampesfords' minds may be dowdy, but their raiment, believe me, is not.

It must be fear of mankind, I think, that frightens the old ladies into the paroxysms of perturbed silence that you described. They talked quite freely the other evening; not during dinner certainly, nor did it seem to occur to the various editions of Dives present that their hostesses were there to be spoken to. Stephen made valiant attempts to storm the citadel of Miss Teresa's dumb embarrassment, but sank back in his chair with a look of profoundest depression and mental exhaustion about the period of the fish. After dinner, however, there was a buzz of talk. Laura told everybody what she could digest, or rather what she could not. ("*Je ne digère pas bien*" is nowadays a well-worn theme.) And Miss Pampesford recommended digestive biscuits, and Miss Teresa recommended digestive—I forget what. It was eleven o'clock before poor Stephen and the rest of the company "joined us," and as Laura wished to go on somewhere we had not to wait long for the order of release.

Elsenham, Market Hall, Suffolk; Sunday.

Alice needed an excuse for the warding off of Mrs. Ware, and so sent for me, and I kept my letter back to give you news of her. Mrs. Ware is one of those gruesomely disposed persons who insist upon the etiquette and pomp of woe. Do you remember Harry's story of the resentment of his servant's widow, because the poor man's funeral paraphernalia did not include "plumes?"

—"I did, sir, count upon plumes." Mrs. Ware counts upon plumes, and comes periodically to see if Alice is mourning in orthodox fashion and if the crape is deep as can be upon both her skirt and her soul. I prefer "soldiers' sadness" to plumes:—

What his funerals lacked  
In images and pomp they had supplied  
With honorable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,  
A kind of silent mourning, such as men  
Who know no tears, but from their  
captives', use  
To shew in so great losses.

You will be glad to hear that Alice is in rather better case than I had gathered from former reports, and Mr. Shipley, who, by the way, says his work will take him to Winchester next week—thinks, too, that she has turned the corner. She does not seem quite as restless or look quite as overdriven as she did. This is peaceful, pleasant enough country—the country that Constable painted—and the Stour threads the meadows through which this morning we walked to church. I would give the languid Stour from start to finish for a span of the least Highland burn that splashes the heather, but Alice likes this country, and the country cottage people like her.

I hope and believe that her life will fill itself with wholesome interests, and that she may recover as much tranquillity, if not happiness, as has to serve for many another. She is unselfish, and so, when not harassed and fretted almost beyond endurance, she will find pleasure in the well-being of others. I don't say that she will not pauperize the village, but there are infirm aged folk and ailing babies whose moral fibre will not be permanently injured by a rather over-lavish distribution of supplies. Poor Colonel Newton was for ever denouncing "useless vagabonds" and "able-bodied beggars who would not work." Very likely there

was some truth in his indictment; but we may perhaps hope that we are not doing much harm by smoothing the last stretch of the way for the old and feeble, and trying to make pain less for a sick or crippled child.

Alice is full of dreamy fancies, always. She would not be Alice if she were not. But her fancies bring hope and comfort to her, and why they should excite Mrs. Ware's disapproval and suspicion I don't know. "Have you ever noticed," she said to me just now, "that when the birds spread their wings to fly they make the sign of the cross?"

The post goes early to-day, so goodbye.

Elizabeth.

N.B.—I' ya longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je t'oublierai.

#### XLVI.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, Tolcarne, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Laurel Lawn, Wimbledon.

My Dear Elizabeth,—Our only positive news is that Arthur is home for the holidays (having missed you in London by your excursion into Suffolk); and the Folletts expect Shipley for a short visit. Those charters, or whatever they are, at Thursborough seem not to be exhausted. Mrs. Ware and her kind, who love the pomp of woe, have an ancestry so respectable and so widely spread that one almost thinks their frame of mind must be the real primitive human nature. It flourishes in the West country, as witness the dialogue between a groom and his uncle, overheard in a Devonshire stable, and recorded among the sayings of Mr. Hicks of Bodmin:

"Well, Jem, you didn't come to Betsey's burying?"

"No, Uncle, I couldn't get away."

"Ah, you'd 've enjied yourself. We

had drie quarts of gin, one quart of brandy, and one quart of rum, roast beef, and viggie pudden."

Then a sighing eulogium on the "poor, dear, patient creature," followed after a pause by the matter-of-fact information that "her lled screeching vower hours afore her died." Such dialogues need Sir Thomas Browne for a commentator, to show us that there is no real break between the humors and the solemnity of life. Heine would have done even better, perhaps, if he had not been disqualified by invincible ignorance of English character. Why is it that even the cleverest and most painstaking Continental writers are apt to make at least one grotesque blunder when they write about England? Of course, our half-educated public make quite as absurd ones about French, German, and American, not to mention Anglo-India matters; but not our best people, I think. Taine, I have been told, was really accurate, and the younger Frenchmen of his school are following suit; for Darmesteter—a scholar of quite original genius—I think I can answer. But Jem won't admit that any foreigner has ever touched English Universities with impunity.

The name of Darmesteter reminds me—you will see why directly—of the verses I copied on Sir John Davis' fly-leaf. I thought you would hardly guess whose they were.

For in my soul a temple have I made,  
Set on a height, divine, and steep  
and far;  
Nor often may I hope those floors to tread,  
Or reach the gates that glimmer like  
a star.

There is an old-world flavor about them, but they are very modern indeed—Madame James Darmesteter's. Her verse has to me more of the real singing quality in it than can be found

in almost any of our living poets junior to Mr. Swinburne, save one—and that one is a woman, too, so there is another guess for you. The thought exactly marks the difference of the nineteenth from the seventeenth century. Our speculation has travelled wider, and learnt not despair, as some impatient folk would have it, but patience and modesty, and the renunciation of expecting precise and formal agreement even from our dearest friends.

Margaret and I have been watching the education of Songstress' puppies with deep interest and occasional controversy. Margaret believes that puppies and kittens are very clever and remember all sorts of things, which I don't. But we agree that there is nothing more fascinating to see than a young creature, dog or cat, playing with an older one. Those who have observed this know that there is nothing new in the modern tyranny of children over their parents. It is curious, too, to see how, with plentiful display of teeth and claws, they manage never to hurt one another. Enticknap has three kittens at his cottage, of whom we call one Joab, as being "him that first getteth up to the gutter"—he did it at quite an early age by judicious use of a creeper; the gutter of the tool-house in the garden I mean. So he is "the agile Joab," as Margaret finds it written in a silly book of Scripture history that Laura gave her once with a view of doing her good. The other two are Sampson and Filipina ("the connection of which with the plot one sees"). Filipina seems of a lively disposition enough, but Sampson is at present very proud and shy. People used to talk as if character depended merely on education; and yet, if they had kept their eyes open, they could have seen the most marked differences in character between puppies and kittens of the same litter at a few weeks old. Which is also rather bad for astrology, as they



must have pretty much the same horoscope; but no doubt an astrologer would be ready, like all professors of pseudo-sciences, to patch the breach of his fictitious rule by finding an equally fictitious exception. When you have once begun the business of complicated fallacy, "cycle on epicycle," one fiction more costs nothing. Joab has climbed in at the study window and is trying to eat the feather end of my pen while I am writing. No, Joab, I am not the Philistines or the children of Ammon that you should scratch me, and your manners have not that repose which elderly persons desire in a domestic companion. I love cats, but a restless cat gets on one's nerves. I shall go to the stable and talk to the snub-nosed puppies; they are rather soothing. Cats have more roving and miscellaneous curiosity than dogs; a dog begins to get a working notion of what concerns him and what does not almost as soon as he finds out anything; and then he proceeds to leave a lot of things alone. A cat is not satisfied till he has accounted for everything in the room. In other words, the cat might say, you mean that the dog is a business man, a tradesman, a pursuer of the main chance, and I am a philosopher? That is so.—But the cat would be a sophist, or else (as he is likely to be) incapable of seeing the point that the dog has attained the state of a sociable animal, which very few cats do, though I have known it in some. It is harder to appreciate cats than dogs, because you want so much more detachment; in fact, you have all the way to go to the cat, while the dog comes half-way to meet man. But it does not follow that the cat is the nobler animal. More interesting as a study in some ways, perhaps. Arthur calls me to the puppies. He is at the age that distinctly prefers dogs.

—I have been turning over Cobbett's "Rural Rides," a book I had not looked

at for many years—indeed I had all but forgotten its existence. Cobbett is delightful, not only for his racy downright English and love of the country (as country, not as a collection of subjects for pictures), but for the perpetual paradox of his being what he is. He was a Tory by nature, if ever there was one, hating cities, standing armies, foreign trees, free trade, paper money, and Dissenters, especially Unitarians. And yet he became famous as a Radical. If he had come a generation or two later, he would have been a pioneer, or at least a pillar, of the new Toryism. The wretched Unitarians get the choicest vials of his wrath, like this outpouring, when he rides past the Devil's Jumps on the way from Selborne to Thursley: "The Unitarians will not believe in the Trinity because they cannot account for it. Will they come here to Churt, go and look at these Devil's Jumps, and account to me for the placing of those three hills, in the shape of three rather squat sugar-loaves, along in a line upon this heath, or the placing of a rock-stone upon the top of one of them as big as a church tower?" And again, where he says—after mentioning the conversion or perversion of his old friend, Baron Maseres, to Unitarianism—"I do most heartily despise this priggish set for their conceit and impudence"—and proceeds to pose them with a series of questions in natural history, most of them absurd and founded on vulgar errors, though Cobbett boldly says that the facts are all notoriously true. The middle one of the seven questions—"What causes horse-hair to become living things?"—is a fair specimen.

Next to Unitarians, Cobbett hated Scotch fir and barren common lands. Hind Head, which is now frequented for its wild beauty, is for Cobbett "certainly the most villainous spot that God ever made." It is another question whether the increase of building, villas,



boarding-houses, convalescent homes, and what not, will soon cause Hind Head and several other formerly secluded places to vie with one another for being the most villanous blot on fair country that man ever made. But this would be nothing to Cobbett. Perhaps he was the last of the writers on rustic matters who frankly made no pretence to an eye for the picturesque. He could admire a smiling landscape, but a soil where crops would not grow was in his vocabulary ugly, nasty, "spewy," or blackguard.

And so no more at present from your loving brother,

Richard.

XLVII.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingam, Laurel Lawn, Wimbledon, to Sir Richard Etchingam, Tolcarne.

Dearest Dickory,—Some folk seem incorrigible. I *will* not be told by post to guess. How irritating you are. How weak-minded I am. Had I any real strength of character, I should sweep your provoking conundrums out of my mind and have done with them; but as, demon, I weakly desire to know your opinion about everything, I let your guessing orders disturb me. I went out to buy a Tennyson to enable me to come to a conclusion when you last bade me guess, but I am not at this hour going out to buy the works of all the modern women poets. Their name is legion. I can't gather

into quires  
The scattered nightingales.

It would need every van with Carter Paterson's name upon it to bring the quires here, and I should be taken up by the police for obstruction, doubtless, did I attempt the task.

The women poets with whom I am intimate are the women who lived on

the other and more romantic side of the border; and they are long dead and gone. (I rather think I like my verse, as I like my china, old.) Jane Elliot, Lady Anne Lindsey, Lady Wardlaw, Lady Nairne. I don't know that women now can write as they did, but then I know little about it. I have, however, an acquaintance among the latter-day Philomels, and she wrote this:

Time brought me many another friend  
That loved me longer,  
New love was kind, but in the end  
Old love was stronger.

Years come and go. No New Year yet  
Hath slain December,  
And all that should have cried Forget!  
Cries but—Remember!

I like the song. I like the sentiment. But it was not my intention to quote verse to-day or to look through that cypress and rosemary bordered avenue backward:

'Tis not the air I wished to play,  
The strain I wished to sing;  
My wilful spirit slipped away  
And struck another string.

I meant to reprove you for ruffling a temper, smooth, till you touched it, as an angel's wing, and then to pass on to Pampesford and present affairs. You would have scoffed to see the folding of your sister to the heart of Miss Pampesford and Miss Teresa Pampesford yesterday. This is how the folding to the heart befel. While Laura was undergoing the process known as "being fitted" (she really must be as strong as a horse, as she goes to London and back nearly every day through this overwhelming heat), I thought I would do a politeness and call upon the Miss Pampesfords, who had repeatedly begged me to "come in and have tea informally." I found them alone and apparently unoccupied, the nearest ap-

proach to occupation being the Times, Morning Post, and Illustrated London News neatly folded and lying upon a console—I suppose you would call the marble-and-gilt splendor. I tried them with various subjects and strove to discover what really is their “shop,” that I might get them to talk it. Their brother is their “shop.” I sympathize with the folk who have a long-standing craze for another human creature, particularly if the other human creature is not of the same sex as the crazed—don’t betray this sentiment to Laura or Mrs. Carstairs)—and there is something pathetic in their idolization of “Augustus.” After a while I began to think that I quite admired him too.

“I don’t know if we ought to say it to you,” Miss Pampesford said at last, growing more and more confidential; “but you seem to feel kindly, and you have brothers yourself, and so perhaps we should not be misunderstood if we tell you that our thankfulness in the prospect of Augustus’ happiness is intensified by the fact that for many years we feared that happiness would never be his again.” “Yes,” poor old Miss Teresa said, wiping her eyes with a magnificently laced handkerchief, “we feared that happiness would never be his again.” “In the prime of youth,” Miss Pampesford went on, “he became attached to and married a very sweet young thing. She had no fortune and no high-born connections (she was a governess, my dear Miss Etchingam), she had just the fortune of a sweet, grateful, lovable nature, and a most lovely face.” “Yes,” Miss Teresa repeated, “a sweet, grateful, lovable nature, and a most lovely face.” “She died, my dear Miss Etchingam, she and the dear little baby, on the first anniversary of her wedding day.” Poor Miss Pampesford tried to speak on, but her voice for a moment or two left her. “Our brother,” she continued after what seemed a long pause, “was a

changed man. He would sit by the hour silent and abstracted, scarcely answering when addressed. It is very hard, my dear Miss Etchingam, to be able to do nothing to lessen the suffering of those one loves.” (It is. Do you know anything very much harder? I don’t.)

They have hearts, Richard, and when grim old dragons, even, have hearts, I like them. I hope Laura won’t trample them to death.

I conveyed Azore yesterday to Prince’s Gardens, that he might there be re-united to Mrs. Vivian as she passed through London on her way from Marienbad to Vivian-End. (“My saint looks well,” she admitted.) She has been advising Lady Clementine Mure, “who travelled home with us, looking, Elizabeth, as we crossed, for all the world like *un mouton qui rêve*,” either to marry Admiral Tidenham or go round the world: Admiral Tidenham, being deaf as a post, is cut out to have a silly wife who talks incessantly about nothing, as he won’t hear a word she says. “You,” she told me, “are still too young for marriage, or globe-trotting, as the fashion now is. Wait till you are fifty.” But a third alternative presents itself to Lady Clementine. On board the Channel boat she was the thankful witness of Ada Llanelly’s and Mr. Biggleswade’s cordial relations. (He was on his way back from Paris. “London,” he says, “is too suburban for me, I admit.” You know, I suppose, that he has come into a big fortune?) “Ada,” Mrs. Vivian tells me, “forsook all others, including George Mure, and cleaved to Mr. Biggleswade from Calais to Charing Cross.” Furthermore, the next morning’s post brought a letter from him announcing his intention of leaving the Church, “as literary engagements and the duties of a landed proprietor,” etc., etc. Vivian-End living is in Mr. Vivian’s gift, and there is a very excellent High Church,

Alick Mure (Lady Clementine's youngest son) now half killing himself and destroying his delicate lungs with curate's overwork in the South London parish to which Mrs. Vivian plays Lady Bountiful. Alick Mure will go to that delightful rose-and-jasmine embowered Vivian-End vicarage, and poor rudderless Lady Clementine can make her home with him. He is the only one of her family who has never bullied or been rude to her. She will of course become High Church, too, and embroider stoles and altar-hangings in peaceful precincts for the rest of her natural life. So that's all right.

Commend me to your dogs and cats, your kittens and puppies. (You have not said a word lately of Tracy.) Dogs I consider the most lovable, cats the most fascinating, of animals. To fall beneath the fascination of a cat, especially of a Persian cat, endowed both with the languor and the fire of the East, is to be under a spell. Friendship with a dog means the finding of a dear, perfect, sympathetic, faithful friend. I don't know that a cat's fidelity is to be trusted. When Azore alluded slightly the other day (he had taken to himself a ham from the sideboard), I sent for his doctor, who gave me various instances of the gratitude of dogs as patients. I then inquired about horses as patients. "Horses have no way to demonstrate, you see," he said. "And cats?" I asked. The expression of Azore's medical attendant changed from mild philanthropy to long pent-up indignation. "Cats!" he exclaimed with some heat—"I don't get any gratitude from cats." But this perhaps is an exceptional experience.

Treat kindly the little knot of white heather that I enclose. Some heather and bog-myrtle came just now from Dalruogh. A day or two ago dear Mr. Fraser sent us grouse, and then the story of my erratic conduct in going

off to Dalruogh alone was related to Sir Augustus. "Augustus asked me if it is not unusual for ladies to pay afternoon visits at houses where there is no hostess," Laura told me afterwards. Oh dear, oh dear, the imbecility, and worse than imbecility, of this sort of thing! Should men and women be buried in the same churchyard, do you think? Mrs. Le Marchant and Mrs. Carstairs would say No. Mrs. Carstairs, if I may be forgiven for thinking so while living, though not as her guest, under her roof, is the type of woman that I trust evolution will rid us of shortly. She is an adept in sinister insinuation and in unpleasant interpretation of innocent acts. The world, according to her, is made up of jealous wives and hoodwinked husbands, or the other way round. The folly or falsehood of insisting that such cases are the rule, not the exception, surprises me anew whenever I am confronted by the point of view. But it is not worth being angry with, though it does sometimes anger me. And then I think that the women whose thoughts run in such grooves are mostly objects for compassion. Unloved and unlovable, they wither for want of the sunshine of wholesome human affection. Mrs. Vivian's tirades are of a wholly different nature. Her tongue may be sharp, and she may indulge over-freely in feline amenities, but adder's poison is not under her lips, and her nature has no trace of the ugly twist that makes Mrs. Carstairs my *bête noire*. Why cannot we in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand think of and treat human beings as our fellow-creatures, not in that stupid uncomfortable way of—I am a woman and you are a man? I never had any patience with it.

Farewell, Dickory, I have known worse folk than you.

Elizabeth.

Cornhill Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

## THE MENELIK MYTH.

The experiences related in these pages were gathered in two expeditions which occupied the greater part of the year 1897 and the first five months of 1898. I had for ten years nourished the project of visiting Abyssinia, though ten years ago the country was for most people merely a fraction of the great Black Continent. The battle of Adowa revealed its latent strength, and the importance of the discovery has impressed the public mind in a manner no less favorable to Menelik than dangerous to those who allow themselves to be carried away by it. Formerly Ethiopia was of little account in the estimation of Europe, at present it looms too large. Much has been written concerning the civilization, the religion, the commerce of the Negro kingdom; it has been stated to be a country which would prove both productive and a consumer of foreign produce, far advanced in the paths of progress, and capable of still further improvement, governed by a ruler of high intelligence who is eager to enter into relations with Europe, who understands the advantages which would thereby accrue to him, and who, in the generous enthusiasm of public opinion, has been endowed with a pleasing and chivalrous character and an illustrious descent. The partiality of the civilized world has thus created a fictitious Menelik, whom I would call *Menejik* edited for the use of Europeans. But to those who have a wider acquaintance with savage countries and native chieftains, this fiction presents no resemblance to the actual sovereign of Shoa nor to his kingdom. Observation and comparison will relegate him to his true place, and, if it were possible for a chemist to analyze Menelik and

his people in an alembic, he would find scarcely any trace of what are supposed to be constituent elements of the whole. Count Gleichen, in his interesting book, allows the opinion to appear which a conscientious and observant traveller must bring back with him, and though many of his readers may ignorantly have dubbed him a pessimist, for my part, while I would not traverse any of his statements, I should be inclined to call him an optimist.

The primary law which governs the Abyssinian is the physical configuration of his country. Ethiopia is an assemblage of high plateaux, rising 3,000 feet or more above the surrounding plains; its climate is widely different from theirs; its inhabitants are obliged by the cold to wear clothes and to build themselves solid huts. These are not proofs of civilization, but the necessities of existence. Moreover, the difference of climate between the mountains and the plain is such that the nomad of the desert cannot live in the former, nor the Abyssinian in the latter. He is therefore isolated from his immediate neighbors, while the difficulties of transit have hitherto cut him off almost completely from the civilized world. Beyond the elements of Christianity, which were brought to the country in former times by missionaries, he has learnt nothing from us; he retains such portions of their teaching as books and pictures have enabled him to remember, with the addition of a mass of legend, and his actual religion is a confused jumble of Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Negro superstition.

The etymology of the word "Abyssinia," "Habeshi" —that is, of mixed blood—is enough to prove that the Ethiopian plateaux are not peopled by

a single race. Here, again, the geographical conditions have done their work; the country, so difficult of access, is parcelled out into small territories politically independent of one another, each mountain chain, each valley, being a frontier line between country and country—I might almost say between race and race. Since the authority of a chieftain is limited to the zone in which tribute can be raised swiftly, it follows that the more difficult of circulation the country, the narrower will be the zones owning the sway of each local chief. Ethiopia is thus partitioned into a great number of small territories, and if Menelik has succeeded in uniting them under his sceptre—that is, has made them pay tribute by force of arms—he has not thereby created any cohesion between them, and his work must necessarily be ephemeral. The frequency of local revolts proves the instability of the equilibrium, and it is obvious that on the day of his death each chief will hasten to throw off the yoke. Even during his lifetime it sits lightly on the necks of his powerful lieutenants. Take, for example, his nephew by marriage, Makonnen, the Ras or chief of Harrar. Harrar, the capital of a fertile and productive province, is the first important center, the first town, which the traveller from the coast encounters upon his route; it fell into Menelik's hands in 1887. If you inquire whether the authority of the Negus is great there, you are usually answered in the affirmative; but judging from my experience, I venture that the Ras Makonnen is paramount in the district, and that whenever he may choose to declare himself independent, none of his subordinates will hesitate to support him. In April, 1898, I was approaching Harrar from the desert; being myself delayed by illness, I sent on one of my muleteers from Gildessa, providing him with money to make

some necessary purchases. Neither muleteer nor mule nor provisions returned. Three weeks later I arrived at Harrar, and my Somalis tracked down the delinquent. Makonnen was absent. I therefore laid the case before his deputy, the Grazmatch Bantel, showing him at the same time a letter in which the Negus had authorized me to pass unmolested through the country. The Grazmatch laughed me to scorn. "A letter from the Negus," said he, "is worth nothing at all here." I took the matter to the police, where, amidst an indescribable confusion of shouting and gesticulating Negroes, I again produced my letter from the Negus. No one, not even the two so-called judges, could read, but they all affirmed that the letters of the Negus were of no importance in Harrar; if it had been from Makonnen it might have been worth deciphering. I may add that I never recovered my stolen property.

The history of Ethiopia, then, may be summed up thus: a country in which communications are difficult, peopled by a multiplicity of races; its internal life presents ever the same cycle of wars, victories and defeats, its external life the same blank. A real civilization is impossible in that black chaos, and the products of civilization, such as agriculture, invention, commerce, do not exist. Whoever shall lay hands on the people with determination sufficient to force them to obey, may make them work, an occupation which they have hitherto despised. They produce nothing and can consume nothing, having no means of buying. Their country is the land of passage and the land of the custom house. Ivory, gold, civet and coffee are imported from the Galla territories, which happen to be more or less under Abyssinian control, but the quantities are small and the source uncertain. Whatever commerce the European traders develop Menelik seizes as soon



as it begins to pay. He has recently set up a custom house at Gildessa, where he levies duty at the rate of eight per cent. on all goods; there is another at Tadechamalea and a third at Har-rar. If you try to avoid them by taking the desert route, the Abyssinian plan is simple: they incite the Somalis to attack the caravan, so as to make what is in reality the shorter and easier route impossible, and so force all commerce through their custom house. Last April the caravan of M. Lebaron, a French merchant of distinguished courage, was stopped and pillaged in this manner. I myself can testify that one of his Danakil escort was wounded in the foot by a Lebel ball, that thirty-six Lebel rifles had been served out to the Somalis shortly before by order of the Abyssinian authorities, and that M. Lebaron was unable to procure at Har-rar a single Abyssinian who would accompany him into the desert to look for the remains of his caravan. These facts are eloquent.

The annoyance that even a simple traveller suffers at the hands of the Abyssinian officials is almost past words. It is generally at Gildessa, a Somali village at the foot of the Har-rar mountains, that the European finds himself for the first time in contact with them. In his journey from the coast he has probably had a few Abyssinians in his caravan, and he has not failed to discover what sort of men they are. I know no worse caravan drivers. Under their care every baggage animal falls lame; you rebuke them and they reply with insolence—white men are such fools, and besides, how can they teach anything to the Abyssinians who beat them at Adowa? As they draw near their native country they become more and more intolerable; their filth, their disobedience, their laziness increases, their arrogance and brutality to the Somalis exceed all limits. On the arrival of a caravan

the local chief appoints a camping ground; let the traveller be on his guard, he is sure to be given the worst in the place. No sooner is he encamped than a troop of filthy Negroes, carrying Gras and Remington rifles, establish themselves in his camp and insult him if he tries to turn them out. They are As-cars—that is, soldiers (save the mark!)—of the local chief, who will presently summon the new-comer into his presence. If he refuses to go he is told that the Abyssinian is old and ill, a very great man, a friend of Ras Makonnen, that Europeans always go to see him, and so forth. All this is false, the object being to make the European pay his respects first, so that the Negro may boast that he does not put himself out for a white man. While these negotiations are proceeding, the Abyssinian servants have gone off to give information concerning their master. Is he *kefou* or *malafya*, bad or good? If you insist on having your tent properly pitched, your camp kept clean, your men civil, you are *kefou*. If you forbid the Abyssinians to fire off your cartridges for fun, to sing all night, to ill-use your Somalis, to wound your mules, and see through their attempts at cheating you, then you are extremely *kefou*. On the other hand, would you gain the reputation of *malafya*, you have only to agree with the Abyssinians in everything, to forbid nothing, and to share their taste for dirt. But rest assured that, whether you are *Kefou* or *Malafya*, you will always be hated, because you are white. This inevitable hatred of the white man, added to an incredible pride, is the dominant trait of the Abyssinian character. Meantime our traveller's baggage has been taken to the custom house, where it ought never to have gone, as it is free of duty. In vain he sends his servants to get it out; finally in despair he goes himself. In a dirty enclosure, where the camels raise clouds of dust, all the

baggage is tossed down pell-mell, the packing cases upside down, the heaviest boxes piled upon the most fragile, the bags in the mud. His attempts at carrying it off are greeted by howls, and the interpreter informs him that he must go and ask permission of the head of the custom house. If he refuses, he is kept waiting; if he yields, the interpreter will have gained his point—the white man will have appeared as a suitor before the Negro. After much delay the traveller is told that by a fortunate chance the person in question happens to have arrived, and finally, in order to ensure for himself a handsome present, the official gives as a favor the authorization which from the first he had no right to withhold.

When I arrived at Gildessa I sternly refused to make any advances to the Abyssinian chief, Atto Marsha, and he was therefore obliged to pay me the first visit.

A few dirty and ragged figures were seen issuing from the village, running behind a mule on which was seated a heavy mass which I conjectured to be Atto Marsha. On nearing me his escort let off their rifles and I went forward to meet him, concealing with difficulty the mirth caused by his appearance. He was a tall and exceedingly fat Negro; his feet were bare, his legs covered with sores, his body wrapped in folds of dirty white stuff, while upon his head he wore the big felt hat which is the supreme object of every Abyssinian's ambition. He entered my tent and sat down, looking round him furtively, his legs apart, his body bent forward, his mouth half open, spitting frequently and with redoubtable violence upon the floor, until I told the interpreter to stop him, after which he would rise and spit over the heads of his servants who were crouched in the doorway. The conversation proceeded lamely, interrupted by many silences.

I knew that he had only come to extort a present, and would do all he could to hinder my further progress, and I made no effort to help him out of his embarrassment.

Presently a sack of corn was thrown down in the dust at my tent door and a small sheep was led up beside it. These were his presents, worth some five or six shillings, but I remembered the proverb, "The Abyssinian gives an egg that he may receive an ox," and realized that Marsha now made sure that I would give him at least a carbine. All at once he stretched out his arm and pointed to one of my rifles, and if it had not been for the intervention of my Somalis, all my arms and cartridges would have been handled and probably broken or stolen by my guest and his attendants. They were much surprised at my refusal to exhibit my possessions. "Here's a dog of a white man," I heard them murmur, "who won't let us touch his rifles! What does he mean by it? We are in our own country." Coffee and cigarettes were now brought in; the latter I handed to Marsha by twos and threes, for if I had given him the box he would have taken them all. At length the serious part of the visit began; I presented him with the rifle and cartridges which I destined for him. He at once demanded more cartridges, and hinted that a revolver was what he really wanted. I said I had none, whereupon he returned to the charge with a fresh demand for cartridges, a knife, more cigarettes, anything that I had, in short, showing himself in his true colors as a greedy Negro who would ask for anything, down to the soles of my boots, and loading me with empty compliments the while. When he left me, he sent back a messenger hotfoot to ask me to return the sack which contained the corn and the skin of the sheep. I replied that the sheep had not yet been killed. "I will wait," said the

messenger, and crouched down at my tent door. Such is the lieutenant; the sovereign is not dissimilar.

Menelik is the son of Hailo Melekot, King of Shoa, through whose grandmother he lays claim to a direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, his full title being: Menelik the Second, Victorious Lion of the Tribe of Judah, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, Lieutenant of God. His pedigree, I need hardly say, is not so well attested as it is proudly claimed. Just as on the frontiers of India the native chieftains trace their descent from Alexander, so, in certain parts of Africa, Solomon stands at the head of the line. Menelik's family tree springs from much the same mythical root as that of the Thum of Hunza.

Whatever his ancestry may be, the very existence of the Negus is a proof of his ability. A fortunate adventurer, he has raised himself by personal valor to a supreme rank in his country; he has gathered and held the force necessary to maintain that supremacy. In Africa this implies ferocity, cunning, intelligence, and luck. But what he has done others have done before him, and his story is but a page in the history of the African Empire. Menelik's title is King of the Kings of Ethiopia—that is, chief of the local chiefs—he is not King of Ethiopia. The present condition is transitory in the extreme, and this the Negus knows. Wishing to make his work endure at least for his own lifetime, he has sought to strengthen it at its base. A kind of feudalism was the natural social condition of the various African countries; he has not hesitated to attempt to destroy this feudalism which might have welded the States together against him, and to replace it by a new feudalism created by himself, which owes him everything, and is maintained by his authority alone, so that it may be incapable of turning against him.

No one who reads Speke's book on "The Sources of the Nile" can fail to be struck by the perfect resemblance between Mtesa, Kamrasi, or Roumanika and the Negus Menelik. The rules of etiquette in the various African kingdoms are often identical, almost always analogous, and where we have tried to discover the marks of a higher civilization there is in reality nothing but the civilization common to all Negro States. The Abyssinian is only a Negro in whose blood there is a strain of Jew, Arab, and Galla, a strain to which the importation of slaves contributes daily, for the slave trade is the most important item in the commercial transactions of the King of the Kings of Ethiopia. True, he is careful to conceal the fact, and this concealment again is typically African.

Menelik is much concerned about his reputation in Europe; he is also extremely eager to hear of events in foreign countries. He piques himself upon being able to exhibit the oddest chaos of information, for his frequent intercourse with Europeans (an intercourse most flattering to his vanity) has taught him quite a number of facts. He remembers those which amuse him, being instigated solely by an almost childish curiosity. Formerly very little sufficed to entertain him, and it is even related that the first sugar-loaf which was presented to him caused him ecstasies of pleasure, and that he and his consort were discovered with that blessed product of civilization between them, licking it vigorously. But those good times are past; Europeans have brought him so many toys that he has become critical. When a new traveller is announced he awaits with impatience the customary present, trying to find out beforehand whether it is something new, in which case the audience is speedily granted. He is much interested in all machinery, which, including watches, he invaria-

bly takes to pieces. Sometimes he deigns to be present at the unpacking of the traveller's boxes, and to appropriate any little object that pleases him. Such informal examinations amuse him vastly. "If I had not been a king," he remarks at times, "I should like to have been a custom house officer."

I was once received in a room where the Negus stores his presents. It was the most heterogeneous collection imaginable. There were a great number of piled-up boxes, bags and trunks, in the middle of which Menelik was seated upon a cushion, occupied in unscrewing the sight-finder of a carbine, through which he was looking with one eye shut. I have known him send round to my tent for some socks, and be so much delighted with a hastily darned pair which I gave him that he insisted on unsocking, for his own benefit, a party of missionaries who passed through Addis Abbaba shortly afterwards. But nowadays he is usually harder to please, and nothing but the most handsome gifts will satisfy him. Heaven only knows what becomes of them! I have been told that he melted down a service of silver plate, the gift of a European sovereign, into shield ornaments, and that a silver soup tureen was seen upon the head of an armed warrior. One gift does not prevent him from asking for another. After receiving from me a 12-bore rifle, worth about 55*l.*, he sent to ask me for my elephant rifle, and it was probably to my obstinate refusal that I owed the theft of two pairs of tusks, which I never recovered, though I offered to pay for them. Those who have spent any length of time in Menelik's Court can cite endless stories of this kind. He is a curious mixture. Side by side with acts which prove a superior intelligence, he manifests at every moment a singular pettiness of character. He leaves the discussion of the Italian frontier in or-

der to superintend the measuring out of his servants' rations; he combines the qualities of a statesman and a Levantine trader. Knowing only his own country, he has no point of comparison, and his mind is consequently a chaos in which vanity, cupidity, suspicion, and a desire to show off are combined with unscrupulous cunning. "He is a Negro," said one who knows him, "and until he has been whitewashed a Negro he will remain."

I was present at several of the King's receptions, among others at the reception of Mr. Rennell Rodd's mission. Awaited with anxiety, the envoy succeeded from the moment of his arrival in placing himself upon a footing which intimidated the Negus. Personally I was delighted, for I had been an indignant witness of the scanty courtesy with which white men were treated at the Negro Court, and I looked forward to seeing the Abyssinian taught that the white man, if it were merely because of his color, had a right to his respect.

At an early hour all the Europeans at Addis Abbaba received a summons from the Negus, who wished to show the English that he was surrounded by men like themselves. I arrived early, and soon caught sight of Menelik passing through a little court with his powerful acolytes. His get-up was singular, but essentially Abyssinian. Upon his head he wore a big black hat, without which he is rarely seen, socks and brown shoes upon his feet; the rest of his person was clothed in native dress. The shoes ought to have been laced, but, as they were rather tight, the laces were allowed to hang down at the sides, and the tops of the shoes had been cut off with a knife. Nevertheless His Majesty suffered cruelly, and attempted to alleviate his condition by alternately shuffling along and stepping with a very high action. He entered the reception room in this manner and

sat down under a dais, one of his high officials hastening to remove the shoes and socks. These he rolled into a tight packet and held under his arm as he stood proudly beside the monarch, leaning upon an express rifle muzzle downwards. At this moment the Negus yawned. All those around him spat vigorously, in order to drive away the evil spirit which might have profited by that unguarded moment. Then every one waited. The room was filled with warriors, variously attired, forming a picture more splendid in its savage grandeur than any I have ever seen. And still they waited. The Negus was ill at ease; he generally takes a malicious pleasure in making others wait for him, and his vanity suffered. At length the envoys arrived. They presented an appearance so imposing that it was easy to see that the Negus was both impressed and flattered. Every one knows the details of that event which marks an epoch in Ethiopian history, but I wish that history could record the comments of the crowd. As Captain the Hon. Cecil Bingham, 1st Life Guards, walked away in his cuirass, I heard an Abyssinian warrior, adorned with a monkey's in place of a lion's mane, remark to his neighbor: "Just look at that one. He must be a coward! He has a shield which covers his back."

When the Negus talks, his glance is alert and his sayings often amusing. I have heard him tell the famous tale of the elephant which was so large that he had two little elephants to help him to carry his tusks. He taught me, too, how the Abyssinians kill the panther: you dig a hole in the ground and get into it with a goat, closing the mouth of the hole with your shield. The bleating of the goat attracts the panther, which scratches at the shield in order to get at its prey. But you hold the shield fast and the panther dies incontinently of rage! On another occa-

sion he remarked: "Joshua is said to have stopped the sun. That can't be true, and besides no one could prove it, as in his day they had no watches. It is much more likely that he was bored, and thought the time passed so slowly that the sun must have stopped."

Menelik is by far the most intelligent Abyssinian I have seen, and the most favorably inclined to the idea of civilization. He does not like white men, but he knows that his interest lies in using them, and, but for the pressure of public opinion, he would open up his country still further to them. But his people hate us and long to exterminate us all. The Negus likes to be able to say that he has stamps and a coinage with his effigy upon them, a telephone, a postal service, and a railway which is going to connect him with the coast. It is true that the stamps are sold only to philatelists upon the steamers at Jubuti, that the coinage is not current, that the telephone wires serve merely as perches for birds, that the postal service consists of an india-rubber stamp of which the holder, an enfranchised slave called Gabriel, is so proud that he has had himself baptized Minister of Posts and Telegraphs on the strength of it, and that the railway is not yet completed. No matter; Menelik is flattered. He thinks that he can persuade Europe that he has civilized Abyssinia and raised it to the level of European nations. It is, however, typical of him that he has made no serious effort in this direction. He plays with civilization as a child plays with a toy; the civil, military, commercial, and social organization he leaves untouched.

As to the army, it is in no sense a regular force. Properly speaking, a regular army does not exist; the army is the nation in arms. All who have guns, and that implies a great number of men, follow the Ras of their district whenever he goes out to war. It is the feudal system in its most primitive



expression; every one is the man of a chief whom he is bound to serve, and the poverty of the country, combined with the difficulty of transport, ensures the continuance of the system. A great number of men cannot be collected in any given area, because it is impossible to import provisions, and the resources of each district are extremely limited. When the army is on the march there is practically no discipline: every man tows his whole family behind him, and they live upon the country, there being no organized commissariat. The wars are razzias and slave raids; the army is in the fullest sense a horde of barbarians. Famine follows in its steps, its passage means the devastation of the invaded country, and the brutalities committed by such savages make even a friendly force a terrible scourge to the inhabitants. Nor can any kind of European discipline be applied to these troops, because of the insubordination and the absurd pride of the men; and yet they have certain military qualities which are not to be despised. They possess great powers of endurance, being able to march enormous distances without food; they are easily moved, in spite of the apparent confusion which reigns among them; they are accustomed to conquer, because of the advantage which their arms give them over their unarmed neighbors; and they have great faith in their own valor. Their tactics are always the same; they surround the enemy and fall upon him, the first shock of their attack being very violent, for the Abyssinian, an arrant coward when he is alone, turns into a sort of mad bull amid the shouts of battle and under the pressure of his comrades around him. Moreover, hunger forces him to victory, for often enough he can hope for nothing to eat but what he takes from the enemy. But he is far from being invincible, even by a native

foe. Three years ago the Ras Makonnen's troops, 6,000 carbines strong, were beaten near Ogaden by Somalls armed only with lances, and half their number was killed in a night attack. The survivors returned, announcing that they had been stopped by malaria. Three times the Negus sent expeditions against Kaffa: in 1896 18,000 rifles were defeated by the Galla lances; in 1897 20,000 shared the same fate, and later in the same year the Gallas gave way before a force of 24,000 rifles only because they were weary of war and preferred paying tribute to Menelik. In 1898 Makonnen's troops were severely defeated in Western Abyssinia and prevented from reaching the Nile.

How, then, shall we account for the affair at Adowa?

Chiefly by the configuration of the country. Abyssinia defends itself. The Italian troops, too far removed from their base, were surprised in steep defiles, from the top of which an enemy, three times superior in number, was able to shoot them down. The victory has been disastrous to European prestige; it has destroyed the fear of the white man which was instinctive in the Negro mind. The Abyssinian draws no distinction between the various European nations—they are all whites, and as such are worthy of hatred; they were all, in his opinion, defeated at Adowa, and may henceforth be regarded with contempt and insulted at pleasure. The salutary lesson of Magdala is completely forgotten, and not an Ethiopian but believes that his race has nothing to learn from us. Menelik may desire to foster European civilization, but the whole consensus of national opinion is against him, and I do not hesitate to say that the victory of Adowa has raised Abyssinian pride to such a point that the country has become inaccessible to all progress.

*Edmond de Poncins.*

## A TALE OF THE GREAT FAMINE.

For six months there has been no rain. For six months, day after day, the sun has risen and run his course and set with never a cloud to hinder him. The sky used to be blue, but it is so no longer; as the air grew more and more dry, the blue faded out of the heavens, and they have turned into a dull gray. Long before it rises, and long before it sets, the sun becomes a great crimson eye glaring angrily at the earth that is wrapped in haze. All the distance is hidden in this gray haze, so that you cannot see for more than a mile. The earth is bare and brown, not a blade of grass upon the ground, not a leaf upon the trees. What the cattle graze on no one can imagine, probably not even the cattle themselves, for they are becoming pitifully thin. When they come home in the evenings they raise along the road a cloud of dust that does not fall for hours, but hangs in the hot, dusty air like a pall. The earth aches for rain.

The villages are half-deserted. There remain in them but a few who take care of the children and very old folk, tend the cattle, and tap the toddy-palm, which yields some small return of juice even in this drought. The rest of the people are gone elsewhere seeking work. Some are in Lower Burma, where the rich harvest has given them employment; many are in the famine-camps, working all day to earn a famine wage,—anything to tide them along till the rain comes.

For this is the year of the Great Famine. Never before has Upper Burma known such trouble as this; never in the history of the country has it been distressed as it is now. Whole villages are depopulated, and those who have lost their all in the

drought may be counted by many thousands. So great is the distress, so widespread the calamity, that its extent holds us. The broad facts, the number, the figures appeal to us; we lose our sense of detail, and view only the mass. Our feeling of individual sympathy becomes blunted. If a calamity befall one or two, or a dozen, we like to examine into the case, to learn the particulars, to understand the details; when whole districts are suffering we very quickly forget the individual in the community. Our power of compassion, of understanding, is limited, and we soon become weary.

Moreover it seems to us that there is a great sameness about the individual cases. After we have learnt a few and find the story much the same,—scanty rains year after year, till the family has lost all superfluities and retains just enough to get on with; on the top of these years the great famine, all crops dead, heavy debts to money-lenders, plough-cattle sold for half their worth; in the end destitution and misery—the tale becomes monotonous. It is rarely dramatic, only miserable, sordid, pitiful; and so we lose our interest, and the famine becomes to us a mere question of economics. But every now and then, breaking through the sameness of the misery, there comes a tragedy which is apart, a tragedy which is of the famine and yet not of it, a story whose cause is the same as that of the others, but which is very different from them. Such is the story which I am about to tell; it happened but recently, the end was but a few days ago.

The two men who were the actors in this tragedy lived in a village far inland from the great river, lying in a

small valley. It was but a small village of people, living upon the fruit of their fields round about, doing but moderately even in good seasons. There were stretches of rice-fields behind the village, and when the rains were good these could all be cultivated and gave good returns; but in ordinary years there was not enough water for them, and the cultivators were dependent upon millet and cotton crops grown on the higher ground. These staples require but little rain and a crop can usually be obtained from them.

The two young men were cousins. They were much of an age, and they had lived together and worked together in the village all their lives. They were co-heirs, indeed, in the same piece of land, and they worked it together, sharing the expense and the work of dividing the crops therefrom. It had been the property of their common grandfather. He had possessed a good deal of land in the village and many palms; but he had many descendants, and on his death the property was broken up and divided among the heirs. A council was held, and it was agreed that one should take this field and one that, men usually obtaining arable land and women the palm-trees.

Thus included in this property was one of the best fields in the village. The soil was red and rich, and it lay in a hollow so that the washings from the neighboring fields enriched it year by year. The crops of millet that it could produce were famous. Notwithstanding this, when the property came to be divided there was a reluctance on the part of any of the heirs to take this field as his share. Although of all the property it was the best, yet when it was suggested to this one or to that to take the field, he always refused. For in fact it had a bad reputation. Whether it was haunted or not no one could say, but it was unlucky; it had a bad influence not only upon its posses-

sors, but upon any man who crossed it. As you set foot upon it, said the villagers, your mind became crooked; you began to think wicked thoughts, to imagine crimes; it was as if something evil whispered in your ear as you went. Terrible tales were told of how those who often crossed it, more especially those who worked it, became depraved, subject to sudden impulses to crime, lost to all sense of right. For years before the death of the old man it had not been cultivated at all. No one would set foot on it, even for the sake of the certain profit, and it lay fallow. Thus at the council of decision the land went a-begging. No one would take it; men shook their heads when it was mentioned, and women shrieked. At last it was suggested that the two young men should take it. As every one else had refused it, either they must take it or, fertile as it was, it must be left to lapse into forest. And so the young men, after consultation, agreed to take it. They were young and were not afraid. They laughed at the tales, and the land was in value far beyond what they could have expected for their share; they would be set up for life. So they laughed and accepted.

The village shook its head when it heard, but the young men only laughed. They were not to be frightened by a superstition, they said; it was good land and they would work it. And so they did, not dividing it, as I have said, but working it in common. And for two or three years they did well.

Then they both fell in love with the same girl.

Love-making here in a Burmese village is not very different from what it is anywhere else, I think. Only perhaps their loves are a little hotter, the hearts of the young folk more impatient. They wooed, these two men, they wooed as other men woo. They went at night to call upon the parents and see the girl, and they brought her

presents, and they talked to her as young men do. They sang songs, too, little love-songs, hiding under a tree near, that she might hear and understand. And the girl listened. She was a girl like other village girls, round-faced and quiet, with soft brown eyes, and generally very busy over household affairs. She liked to be wooed, as girls do, and she seemed in no hurry to end the pleasant days of courtship. For over a year it went on, the two lads coming sometimes alone, sometimes together, to make love to the girl, and yet she gave no sign which of the two she would take. And the villagers shook their heads. "It is the land," they said. "You see that land, how unlucky it is. This is the beginning of it; the two owners fall in love with one girl; more trouble will come."

And the boys were troubled, sure enough. It is wearing on your temper and forbearance when you are striving for the love of a girl, and your friend strives too, and the girl will not decide. The lads did not quarrel, but it was easy to see that the strain was becoming too hard for them.

And then they did the wisest thing they could do. They felt that the state of affairs was becoming unbearable, and they determined to end it. They went to the girl's parents and told them. "Both of us," they said, "love your daughter; but whether she loves either of us, or which of us, we cannot tell. When we try to ask her she is silent, or gives a reply that is no reply. And so we are getting to hate each other and we are very unhappy. We wish you to tell us which of us you will take for a son-in-law; that will end it."

Then was there great discussion in the house of the girl's parents. She was called in and asked which of the two she liked best, and she said that she did not know. She liked them both; she did not want to marry yet. And she was afraid of the field, she said;

it was very unlucky. How could she marry a husband who owned such a piece of land? Why did her parents trouble her to answer? But her parents would not listen to her evasions. The boys had wooed her for a year, and she must make up her mind; her behavior was not that of a good girl. As to the land, the tales about it were rubbish. It was a rich piece of land; in these bad years that was a serious consideration. To deprive yourself of a good husband and a good inheritance because of a silly story would be absurd. Thus the girl was told to make up her mind, and she did as she was bid, and chose the elder of the two cousins. So he was sent for by the girl's mother and told of his good luck, and he was happy. But the other went away. He did not feel any ill-will, he said, but he was sick at heart; he could not bear to see the girl marry any one but him; he would go and live at his uncle's house in a neighboring village. And he did so.

All this happened just at the commencement of the rains, when every one is hard at work. Therefore it was arranged that the marriage would not take place yet. There was much work to do; it was not a time for honeymooning; after the crops were gathered in and sold, and money was plentiful, would be a better time.

So the lover worked at his field. He worked it all alone this year, his cousin having gone away. It was agreed that he was to pay a certain proportion of the crop as rent for his cousin's share. The early rains were not good, but still the seed was sown and sprouted, and if later rain came the prospects would not be so bad. But it was the year of the Great Famine. The later rain never came. The sun shone and shone and shone, all through the rain-months of July and August and September. Never a shower came, and the villagers watched in despair while their crops

died around them. The village was ruined. By October all hope of rain had gone, and with it all hopes of being able to marry and settle down for the young couple. The crops had failed; food was short in the village and would grow shorter yet; no one could tell how they would be able to live till next crop. This was no time for marriage.

And then one day the young man came to a resolve. On an evening when the sun had set at last and the hot dark night had come, when the cattle had wearily moved homeward from the brown fields, and the choking smoke hung over the village, he came to see the girl. She was in the veranda of her house as he came in, and there in the dark he told her of what he had resolved.

"The crop has failed," he said; "the crop has all failed. I have been in the field to-day and there will be nothing; only a little food for cattle will I get off my field. And I have no money now, all is gone. There are my plough-cattle, but if I sell them what shall I do next year? And so I have made up my mind. I will not stay here, but will go away to the lower country and reap the crop there, in that land where rain never fails. I shall get good wages; thus I shall save my cattle, and next year there will be rain again and we shall do well."

The girl listened in silence. She listened to what her lover said, and the tears came into her eyes and she cried. "You will go," she said through her tears, "you will go far away to that country that I do not know; and who can say if you will ever come back again?" And although the young man tried to comfort her, yet the girl would not be comforted. "We were to be married," she said; "and now you will go away and I shall never see you again." "I will come back," said the lad; "I will surely come back. Do not

many men go and return every year? There is no fear. And when I return we will surely be married."

But the girl would not be comforted. "No, no!" she said; "it is that field. You see now that they were right when they said it was bad luck to take it. It has separated your cousin and you, and now, because it will not give any crop, it is separating you and me. And you will never return again, never!"

So at last, because the girl would not let him go, he said that he would marry her first. They should be married at once, he said, to-morrow. "For I must go," he said, "or what are we to eat? I have nothing, and my people have nothing, and your people have nothing either; nowhere in the village is there any food. I must go; but we will be married, and then, when I am away, I will send to my wife my earnings from below to help her father and her mother, and all will go well. If I stay here we shall all starve."

And so, as no better might be, the girl consented. They were married very quietly, as is the Burmese custom, so quietly that hardly any one knew, and for one short week they lived their married life together. It was as a dream, that week, a dream that was hardly a reality; a week of love and tenderness, of wonder and delight, and over it all hung the dread of a great fear, like the gray haze that hung over the earth. Then the young husband went away.

There are no posts in these little villages far away in the interior; there are no postmen to bring letters, and news comes but rarely. Once, three months after he had left, the wife received news of her husband; another villager had met him down in the lower country and brought her a message from him, and something more than a message. He had done well there; he had made money. Going down before the rush from the famine-districts oc-



curred, he had secured work at once; and as pay was good he had secured much money, which he now sent to his wife. "Here are fifty rupees," said the messenger, putting the money on the mat; "and here is a little line from him which he wrote." It was but a little line, for though indeed the lad could write, it was not very well. And this was it: "From the husband to the wife. I have done well. I send you money. In three months more I will return." It was scrawled on a little piece of white paper, and the girl put it in her bosom and kept it there.

And so the time went on, and the country grew more and more dry, and the famine settled upon the land. Those who were poor before were now starving; those who had been rich were now poor. Only by the care of Government, and the marvellous charity of the people to each other, was it that the country was not sown with corpses. Plough-cattle were sold to any one who would buy. What if there be no cattle to work with next year? One must live now, they said.

So three months more passed away. And then there came to the young wife more news of her husband. He was returning; a man had met him and had brought from him a message to say that he would return soon. His money, for he had more money, he would bring with him. The girl was to expect him in a week, such was the message. But the young wife's heart was full of dread. She could not shake off the belief, the certainty that trouble was about to befall. Was not the land still there? Could there be luck with that? And so she went about still with sad face and her eyes full of tears; and the people wondered.

It was just after sunset, but not dark yet, for a dull gray light still hung over the earth. There were no clouds, but the sky could hardly be seen except just overhead. The distance was all

hidden in dust and gloom that pressed upon the earth like the shadow of a great despair. The fields were brown and bare and the trees lifeless, lifting dead arms to a dead sky. In the west the evening star was become a dim crimson point. A feverish wind blew intermittently across the wasted land, bringing with it pillars of revolving dust and dead leaves. The wind was hot to the touch and made one shiver; but when it stopped all was so still that one gasped for very breathlessness.

Two men were walking along the road towards the village. It was still some way off, but the night is pleasanter than the day to travel in and they kept on. One laughed and sang a little as he went.

"It is all very well for you to laugh," said the other crossly. "You have got a wife waiting you, and you have money in your bag. I have nothing," and he opened his hands with an angry gesture.

"Oh," answered the other, "what does it matter, brother? I have some money, and I will give you some; you can repay me out of your share of the land. And for wives, there are plenty of them."

The other grunted. "I do not want a wife," he said.

"Well, well," said the first speaker soothingly, "you have been unlucky. You came down too late, when it was hard to get work."

"How was I to know," said the other angrily, "how was I to know that there would be such a lot of men for work?" He seemed to take the remark as a reflection upon him.

There was no reply, and they went on again together. It got gradually darker, and the veil closed in about them so that they could hardly see twenty yards in front of them. The wind dropped into a breathless stillness.

"Where is the moon?" asked the

elder cousin. "To-day is the tenth day of the waxing moon; where is it?"

The younger nodded towards the east. "I suppose it's there," he said.

The elder regarded the crimson blur in the sky curiously. "Yes," he said at last, "that will be it. I never saw it like that before."

"It is like a blotch of blood," said the younger.

The elder shivered. "Do not say that," he said; "it is bad luck to talk like that."

The dust rose behind them as they went, and hung upon the road like a ghastly veil. Far away a jackal cried, and his call was answered here and there till the night was full of ghostly cries. *Ah ha! Ah ha! Ah ha!* they howled, in rising cadence like the laughter of a maniac.

"Does your wife know that you are coming?" asked the younger suddenly.

"I sent her word," answered the elder. "I said I would come in a week or days; she will know."

"But not exactly to-night?" insisted the younger.

"No, not to-night," returned the other; "I am two days earlier than I thought. She will be all the more glad." Here he smiled with pleasant anticipation.

There was silence for a time, and again the younger spoke. "How much money have you got?"

"Seventy-five rupees," answered the elder.

The younger was astonished. "As much as that! But how did you get as much as that? I thought it was only thirty or forty rupees."

"Oh, I saved," answered the elder. "You see, when you have a wife waiting for you, you do not spend money. You do not go to dances or buy toddy; you keep it for her."

"That is a lot of money," said the younger reflectively.

"It will do," said the elder; "it will

keep us till the rains come, and it will buy seed for us. I wonder when the rains will come this year; I think they will be early."

"It seems to me," answered the other, "that it will never rain again, never."

The determined pessimism of his companion depressed the elder man, and he walked on in silence for a time. The night had grown a little lighter as the moon rose, but the stars were all smothered in haze.

"I turn off here," said the younger, stopping.

The elder was surprised. "But I thought you were coming home with me?"

"Oh, no," answered the other. "You don't suppose I care to see you kissing the girl I wanted to marry! No, I am going off to my uncle's."

"But," urged the other, "you said you would come. As to my wife, she will be very glad to see you, just as if she were your sister."

"No," replied the younger, "I won't."

"Well," said the elder, "I think this is hardly fair; I think you might come with me. I have a lot of money with me and do not like to go alone, and besides I paid your passage-money to come up, so I think you might do this for me. Come just for one night."

The younger hesitated. "Do you want me very much to come?" he asked, looking upon the ground and moving his foot uneasily in the dust.

"Yes," said the elder, "I do. Come now, brother, let us go home together as we used to do," and he took his hand and pulled him forward gently.

The younger resisted. "Are you sure that you will not be sorry for asking me home?" he said.

"Sorry," laughed the elder, "sorry? I should be glad if you would come and live with us always. Are we not brothers?" Then he drew the younger again, and he yielded at last, sulkily.

They went on together for a mile along the road, hand-in-hand, and then they stopped. "This road is a long way round," said the elder; "we had better go across the fields; it will be nearer."

"All right," said the younger, "go on."

They turned off into the fields and presently found a little foot-path leading the way they wanted to go. It was a short cut used in the dry weather to get to the village; during the rest of the year, when crops were on the ground, the fences were closed and it could not be used. As the path was narrow and the fields on either side very rough, they went in single file. First went the elder man and behind him followed the younger. There was just enough light to be able to keep to the path.

The young wife and a girl-companion were coming out of the village gate. They had water-jars on their heads and were on their way to the well. So great was the drought that the water had sunk to the bottom and it was hard to get enough. During the day it was almost dry, the water oozing in very slowly, so that it did not yield more than two or three buckets-full every half-hour; but after sunset the inflow was more copious, and at intervals all night long the girls were at the well drawing water, going to and fro.

The two girls went down the village street to the gate; it was open, but the watchmen were upon the alert. They went through the gate and down the path to where the well lay between two great tamarind-trees in a little hollow. It had a brick curb and a platform round it, with a little flight of steps. The girls let down their dippers into the well and drew up the water. There was just enough, they found, to fill their jars, and they drew slowly, fearful of spilling it as they drew. The

well was deep, and their arms ached a little with dragging at the cord. When the jars were full they sat down upon the curb to rest a while; it was cooler here than in the crowded village, and it was quiet. They sat silently looking over the parched fields.

Suddenly there came to their ears a cry. It was very feeble and seemed to come out of the illimitable distance. The girls peered into the night fearfully. The cry came again, a cry not sharp but hoarse, and seeming to end in a moan that crept along the ground. The girls leapt to their feet in terror, their hearts beating; then they crouched behind the well-curb and stared across the fields, their hands clasped. The moan came nearer; it was coming between them and the village. The girls dared not move; the path was open and the dreadful thing, whatever it was that was crying, would see them if they went. They pressed still closer to the well.

The cry ceased; but presently the girls became aware of another sound, as of a man gasping, of a man in great agony. It came nearer, and then was heard the cry again, "Come, Come!" The girls got up from behind the well again and looked out. It was a man, then, after all, not a devil or a ghost: it was a man in trouble; and they could see a figure that staggered across the dim-lit field. As they watched, it swayed to and fro and the man fell. "Come," he cried again as he fell.

"Run," said the young wife, "run, shout, call the guard!" And the girl ran. When she came near the gate she screamed to the guard, and they rushed out, half the village following.

They found them down by the well, the young wife holding her husband's head upon her knees, while she tried to pour a little water into his parching lips. All his breast was a mass of blood and the woman's hands and dress were dabbled with it. Down her face

ran great tears of agony, and she bent to kiss him again and again. She would not let any one touch him or move him. "Let him be," she said. "He will die directly; let him die here." So the people stood round in a ring and watched. "His cousin killed him," she said to the people. "He stabbed him; and my husband snatched the knife from him and stabbed him back." The

dying man had whispered in her ear and she had understood. "It was on his own land," she added, "in his own field that he did it,—in the evil field."

And there they found the murderer dead. Stabbed with his own knife he lay dead on the field that they owned together, and all about were scattered the silver coins.

*Henry Fielding.*

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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THE CHOICE OF ATLAS.

Of old betwixt the gods and earth,  
High-headed, girt with cloud,  
Dividing misery and mirth,  
Old Atlas stood and bowed.

Close to the high celestial gate  
He bent a drowsy brain,  
While far below his feet set weight  
On furrowed fields of pain.

The earth's far cry sang faint, and dim  
Her face towards him grew:  
His head was crowned with light; round him  
The immortal laughter flew.

And yet he tired of that high place,  
And thrust away the prize,  
Lifting a dead, indignant face  
Of stone toward the skies!

*The Spectator.*

*Laurence Housman.*

## SUITE.

## I.

## "THE ROARING MOON OF DAFFODIL."

There is a month in the calendar which, with no very good reputation for its weather, has yet a charm of its own, subtle, not immediately seen or understood, and known perhaps only to the few who are able to reject "other men's values of things" and audaciously admire what the majority despise or do not see. "March, many weathers," "March various, fierce, and wild with wind-crack'd cheeks," is very often, in spite of all wise saws and modern instances to the contrary, a delightful prelude to the fuller glories of those later days when all the trees of the wood and the little flowers beneath them

Dance to the wild pipe of the spring.

In March, before green buds appear, nature paints with her most delicate colors. The vivid green of leaflets just new born, of which Dante speaks, *verdi come fogliette pur mo nate*, is dear to all; but the first glad stir of spring comes in yet leafless trees. One day we see on the far-away wood something which was not there yesterday, a bloom, purple, red, or brown, a cloudy softness of many very dim and tender colors; and hidden in it are all the green leaves of summer, summer itself. One of the most attractive examples of this almost esoteric beauty, which we perhaps sometimes pass by waiting for the more evident glories of April or May, is seen in the elm. On those trees one morning there is a faint blush of rosy pink where yesterday was only purple brown deadness, and the pink is soon succeeded by the warmer red bloom

of opened blossoms, which, if the tree is seen against the light, give an appearance of leafiness to it, and this weeks before a green leaf appears. And the variety of coloring in March trees is endless. Lombardy poplars make a flash of yellow in the gray landscape, the willows by the watercourses seem veiled in a mist of yet more golden yellow as the youthful sap once again colors their branches, black poplars deck themselves with thousands of catkins of royal red. Tennyson immortalized the black ashbuds and gave them to March—"Black as ashbuds in the front of March"—but the ash is a tree of moods, and in some springs remains gray and unmoved throughout the month.

But some trees are beautiful without any of these March adornings. The beech disdains to clothe itself in color or in any gauds of flowers or showy buds, but its smooth gray stem takes color from passing clouds, from sunshine or shade, and it pleases us by the unexpectedness of its working, by throwing out a few leaves here and there on bare March branches before it dazzles us with the brilliance of its full spring greenery. The sycamore lacks color too, but its form is beautiful, with little branchlets turning this way and that as nature's wilfulness and waywardness dictate, and it shows sooner than most trees a gleam of green leaves or of green buds.

One of the charms of March is that it reveals its beauties suddenly, unexpectedly. We do not know to-day what glories it will have ready for us tomorrow. That low pruned hedge of black-thorn was leafless yesterday: to-day it is covered with dense masses of white blossoms, the most really white of all English flowers, and growing so



near the hedge as to be deceptively like a covering of newly-fallen snow. But the tall, unpruned hedges have more delights than have the closely-pruned ones. There little tomtits are busy and happy, and among them come golden-crested wrens, who for all their fragility brave our winters with that pretty pert *disacité* which is the badge of all their diminutive tribe. In the hedge which skirts the wood there is a great willow, its catkins silver gray at first, but turning soon to gold, and the leafless trees of the wood make a grand dark background for that prodigal display of sweet-smelling downy "goslings," as the country children call them. Here come the earliest awakened bees; and along the sunny bank a butterfly may perhaps gladden our eyes—a peacock butterfly fluttering with worn wings from its winter hiding place, or a straggler of the three commoner white butterflies coming forth somewhat sadly before its time into a world as yet too cold for it.

In the coppices, while all above is destitute of green, long trails of active woodbine will be in leaf before the dilatory brambles have begun to awaken from their winter sleep; green fans will be opening out on the creeping sprays of the wild rose, and under foot in any clearing dog's mercury and many another green thing is pushing with eager haste towards the sunlight. Nor is March destitute of flowers, and March flowers seem to have had a special attraction for poets. The "rathe primrose," "celandine with pleasant face," the daisy loved by Chaucer and Burns, dim violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, "the little speedwell's darling blue"—all these abound long before April showers come to bring forth the flowers of May. But of all beautiful March sights none can equal that of a bed of daffodils—the "gaudy daffodils" of Milton—springing out of the yet brown grass of some winter-grazed

field and making there an island of brilliant yellow:—

A host, a crowd of golden daffodils  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

Down there by the brook marsh marigolds are gleaming afar—"the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray," and the little children have been gathering handfuls of them, then throwing them away with the prodigality of childhood: we can trace their wandering footsteps home from school by the flowers strewn along their path. The pale pink blossoms of the butter bur—a flower which blooms before its grand leaves appear—are decorating the banks of the stream too, but they are not brilliant enough to attract the innocent white-pinafores marauders, and the stems do not snap as easily in soft childish fingers as do the hollow stalks of the marsh marigold. Another flower which comes before its leaves, the brilliant yellow coltsfoot, may be found in clayey places, and many other less showy flowers take the winds of March with beauty too. The white stitchwort, which will be filling all the hedgebanks in May, is coming doubtfully forth; ground ivy, with its grave tenderness of color, which we are apt to pass over among gaudier things in later spring; red and white dead nettles, woodsorrel and wood anemone, the sweet green daphne of the woods, and many another unassuming flower smiles out in sunny or in shady spots.

And there are birds—and "March birds are best," says the proverb. Indeed, the few of our summer visitors who begin to appear in this month are welcomed, if possible, more than those of April. It is in March that we suddenly hear in the copse, which was silent twenty-four hours before save for the crow of the pheasant or "sudden scritchings of the jay," the strangely resonant notes of the chiff-chaff, a mighty

sound to be produced by such a tiny creature. Two notes, or at most three—for of late we have awoke to the fact that there are three notes—that is the limit of its song, but it is never wearisome, never monotonous, because redolent of spring. In March, too, the wood-wren, with its curiously distinct songs, is heard; the willow-wren, its near cousin, is a later arrival. From overseas before March is done comes the wryneck, and this, with the wheatear, a bird of the wastes, closes our list of ordinary March visitors. But so many are the stay-at-home songsters of the windy month that it is difficult to catalogue them. In those sunny days, with a cloudless blue sky fading down into the leaden gray of an east wind haze on the low horizon, thousands of larks are singing over the wide east country fields on which the wheat is green—the ring-dove cooes for hours from its ivy-covered tree; the chaffinch's bright little roundelay is heard from the gray ash tree; the crested lapwings sing their wild notes to the listening wastes, a nuthatch's shrill whistle comes from afar—and in every note there is only one voice, the unmistakable voice of spring. There are, indeed, days when winter resumes its reign, and all glow and growth, all resurrection stops for days, perhaps for weeks. But take it at its best and March has many charms; and not the least of these is the nearness of those yet pleasanter days when proud pled April, dressed in all his trim, reveals yet gayer pageantries, and once again makes all things new.

## II.

### FLAMING JULY.

Some one described looking over a gate as the cheapest and most delightful of amusements; but sitting on a gate is equally cheap and more luxurious. And as every lover of the coun-

try has his favorite road, so every lover of this cheap amusement has his favorite gate, and he varies its charms by facing in one or other of the two possible directions as he sits upon it. My gate, like all gates which are to be loved at all, combines two views. If you turn westward you see an expanse of green fields through which, like a dull silver streak, flows the Avon, Shakespeare's Avon, smooth-sliding, crowned with vocal reeds; and all this is bounded by blue Malvern hills, which to-day look very distinct and sharp, and below them, in sunshine, the windows of Malvern town gleam and flicker. People tell you when the hills look thus near that it will rain within twelve hours, but weather saws are often at fault and the morrow will be as this day, cloudless sun. Close up to the gate is a sea of brilliance, corn yellowing in the July heat—scene which may well be treasured up in memory for days when these glories have given way to winter glooms.

If I want to see distance and immensity I face towards the hills; if I want nearer joys, the field attracts. Only a field, but to some of us wandering not altogether idly through Worcestershire lanes, to see what progress the summer is making, that field is a very paradise indeed. Only a field, but day by day, in winter or in summer, in gloom or in gleam, it is full of surprises and glorious things. It is July now and only four o'clock, and yet the shadows are already lengthening, and are dark, tragic, as the hopeful morning shadows are not. The American naturalist said he could tell the day of the month by the flowers and the birds: to tell the hour of the day is perhaps easier—shadows and flowers, closing so punctually, tell that.

As I sit on the gate and look down on this uncut hayfield, I feel ungratefully that I cannot love all flowers. I cannot love the convolvulus which is

spreading pink flowers over the patch of bare earth by the gate, from which turf has been cut and where grass has not yet had time to grow, but where kindly flowers have already appeared. Better loved is the tall yellow agrimony and the rest-harrow which have sprung up there too; and low down the orange-red of the pimpernel should gladden our eyes, but it spends much of its short life in sleep and has been closed since two o'clock, and had the day been cloudy it would not have deigned to look forth at all on a world too dark for it. Here too is that curious plant with long tendril-like leaves, the yellow goatsbeard, Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon. Alas! once flowers had names and were loved and noticed by country folk. Now you ask man or boy whose lives are spent in the country, whose great boots trample down twenty flowers at every step, the name of some common weed, and they only stare at you in pity as some John-a-dreams. The goatsbeard owed its longer name to the fact that its sullen yellow flowers are never seen open after twelve o'clock. The habits of flowers, their personality, their individuality, we may well give some thoughts to that as we wander among hedgerows and in quiet places. Their time for folding up their petals is so punctual; the process of closing so gradual, "nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep," that watch as you will you see no movement. But slowly, so slowly, the movement never detected but surely going on, one petal closes over another—the flower is asleep. You look at your watch and may well wonder at these clockless things who keep the time so well.

The patch of turfless ground has its flowers, and so too has the field—marguerites, betony, bishop's wort (did it owe its name to its purple vesture?) self-heal, mauve-colored knautia, which we are apt to confuse with the August-

flowering scabious—so many, so many, and to name them may seem only cataloguing, no more. But to some of us the mere names are recollections of beautiful things, beautiful days, such as that July day when I last saw my field, and they sound musically in some ears . . .

The western hedgebank of the field is flecked over with two delicate yellows, and between is a diaphanous cloud of white. July is rich in yellows: this hedge, with the yellow blaze of sunshine pouring on it and the hot air quivering above the leaves, is a blaze of yellow brightness. Above the hedge some elm trees stand out very clear and sharp, and very green against the vivid blue sky; all the coloring, indeed, is very vivid, intense. If we look at it *as if we had never seen it before*, it would strike us as something vivid beyond the things of this earth. And a vivid, tawny yellow moth sits on a plant of yellow bedstraw close to my gate, and seems, in its idle state, to be the incarnation of the flaming month, to be the very spirit of July—July in miniature, July compressed into a moth's wings.

But these two yellows of this July hedge. It is not a roadside hedge, where dusty white convolvulus or blue viper's bugloss, plants which only thrive in dust and much-frequented roads, love to plant themselves; but it is a hedge-bank rising from a field, and is rich in colors untarnished by dust. There is the yellow bedstraw which the moth has chosen for its throne, a diminutive flower, but growing so thickly on its tall slender stem as to make an inimitable rich effect as of fine embroidery. The dyers' green weed is a far handsomer flower when picked, but it does less for the decoration of the hedge-bank than the smaller bedstraw. And then, here and there, is that cloud of white woodruffe, its flowers infinitesimal too.

To-day I saw a third yellow flower in this hedge-bank, a very sweet one, the mellilotus. In appearance it resembles a vetch, if we can imagine a vetch growing straight upwards, and not "gadding" vine-like. Its fragrance is something between that of new-mown hay and of hyacinths combined; but it is very delicate, needing to be sought out, and not flinging its sweetness on every breeze.

"Fool that I was," said Mr. Holbrooke, in "Cranford," "not to know that ashbuds were black!" "Fool that I was," I had been wandering among country lanes since infancy, and had not known more than two varieties of wild rose, and now I am told there are twenty in England alone! However, to most of us there will still perhaps be only two, for all the learning of the sages; two, the pink and the white, and two are enough. It will take so long to exhaust their beauty, or to tire of their short-lived sweetness. As I sit on my gate and look at that hedge of wild roses above the yellow-spangled bank, there comes a longing to imprison something of its gladness, its splendor, imprison them for days when such things are no longer!

July has another charm besides its wealth of flowers. As I look at the hedge a little brown bird slips out from its shady covert with a warning *weet-weet*, shaking down a rose petal as it comes, and flutters across before us with wings extended and a shuffling movement—simple wiles to draw us from its young, who are hidden in the hedge. But the youngsters, with the courage of ignorance and a three weeks' experience of life, have no fears; one with yet yellow edge to its bill sits on a topmost bough of the hedge, and raises its crest with curious resemblance of its parent's tricks. They are lesser whitethroats; specimens of those July nurseries of young

things which abound in every hedge, to whom life is all happiness now, but who by the end of the summer will be flitting across the sea or finding a grave for tired wings in its waters. There is something pathetic indeed about these summer warblers and their inextinguishable desire for a better country as soon as chill October lays a fiery finger on English leaves.

Without moving, I presently see another nursery, where the oak tree shades the hedge, and the flowers give place to grass. There is a *chac-chac* heard, harsh, monotonous, and yet excited. It comes from a bird with a bullet head, a long tail which it flirts unceasingly, and many-colored plumage which, however, looks only gray against the light. It is a shrike, a bird vigilant and noisy in defence of its young, of whom we may see quite half a dozen sitting somewhat dully, and with none of the sprightliness of the little whitethroats, on a bush of hedge maple. They are very tame, in spite of their parent's noisy warnings, and let us almost touch them as they sit there. Shrikes are very local birds. I have wandered over many districts without seeing one, but in the tall hedgerows of this corner of Worcestershire they are even common.

Common, too, along the lower hedge of my field, where it joins the cornfield, is the brown bunting. I hear its queer twisting song as I sit here, for July is by no means the silent month it has been thought to be. This afternoon, without moving from my gate, I have heard a yellowhammer, a chiff-chaff, two willow wrens, a thrush, blackbird, wren, hedge sparrow, greater and lesser whitethroats, both the plovers, and, but rarely, a sky lark has sung. I do not, of course, mean to assert that they have sung as in May; but they have sung at intervals and frequently enough to prevent any feeling of silence in the air.

## III.

## IN CHILL OCTOBER.

The wild west wind is driving the  
great leaves of the plane trees

like ghosts from an enchanter,  
fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic  
red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes,

It is only a field I know—an ordinary field. There are a thousand such elsewhere. But perhaps some of us have seen the almost intoxication of delight with which some children—there are select souls among children too—welcome spring and summer. As if they would take this great world of beautiful things into themselves, into their own grasp, make it their own, they pick with reckless prodigality every flower they see. We are but older children, and this unconscious tribute to the great heart of nature is never lost by some of us. We, too, want to take it in, to make it our own, to note its every bud, its every bird's song, its little blades of grass, its moods, its fleeting lights, to lose no gem from its vast treasure house, to imprison something of its gladness, its splendor, for days when such things are no longer. If one could do that—imprison even the sweetness of the wild roses in the hedge, imprison the color and the grace of the July butterflies which flutter up from the grass as we cross it to go home!

It is only an ordinary field I know: there are a thousand such elsewhere. But as we look we seem to see afresh the wonder of the air, the multitude of beauties, the absence of sameness, each field, each hedge, each stream, each roadside, holding each their own treasures; and then the long miles of these things! From one end of England to the other these glories are displayed so prodigally that we hardly stay to look at them! Only an ordinary field; but perhaps it is only when one has time to sit idly on a gate that we see half there is to see in field or hedge: only then that we feel some love towards this green earth—and perhaps *nunc amet qui nunquam amavit*.

"The vine shall grow, and we shall never see it." The vine grows, and some of us do not care to see it.

across the wet grass of the old garden and making the accacia by the gate writhe as if it were one of the enchanted trees of Dante's vision—"Men once we were, but now are changed to trees"—stretching out imploring hands to the wild spirits of the air who torture it in sport. The autumn grass over which the ghost leaves hurry is very green, and longer than trim neatness would have it, but tithes are low and labor is high, even in remote country districts such as this. Although it is the middle of October the beds are full of geraniums in all the luxuriant growth which precedes the autumnal frosts; and in the borders Japanese anemones and marguerites hold up their heads against wind and rain like brave men struggling with adversity; while many flowers, which a month ago made the garden bright, have now taken their places among "weeds and outworn faces."

At one side of the garden is a grove of yew trees, so old, older even than the old house; trees under which monks lingered once, dark figures, darker than the dark shadows of the yews. Children play there now: there is a child's swing, a broken toy, but these things cannot take away the something of solemnity which gathers under them. The wind hushes its wildness and sighs softly as it passes through the close-set leaves, and then breaks away in fresh fury over the open field beyond.

From the grove of yew trees a path leads by the edge of the orchard to the



fish pond. The path is old, like everything belonging to this old demesne. It is lined with trees, wych elms which are already bare of leaves, while the hedgerow elms of Milton are green as if it were yet July. A narrow avenue, so narrow that we cannot take for it Cowper's simile of the cathedral aisle. Looking back, it recalls, rather, the narrow vaulted passages of some mediæval castle we have known; or it might be one of Bacon's garden alleys, "framed for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery." As we go down it we seem to be walking in other days, other years . . .

Yesterday the fish pond to which our steps are leading was covered with a green mantle of *Lemna*, but the storm has driven the weed to one end of the pool, and mimic waves are following it and breaking innocuous against the green strand of the little ocean. A fleet of coots flutter across to one of the islands. Coots have a kind of alacrity in thriving in spite of the water rats who share the pond with them. It is too often our lot to see a mother wild duck bring out its flock of ducklings, and day by day their number diminishes, the survivors heartlessly enjoying themselves unmindful of the gaps in their family circle, their own near doom.

Under the shade of the hedge a wren, that little body with a mighty voice, is singing its bright lyric song; and a robin's sweet notes—the robin is the Collins of bird poets, very finished and sweet, and with a sadness even in its rhythm, its abrupt endings—come to us from a bough above our heads. Both birds are at a discount in the full tide of summer songs; but in the shortening days of chill October they are valued indeed. Rooks are blown about the sky; and these are the only living things who brave the storm. Last week swallows were flying low over the pool, but now not one straggler remains to

make us remember that such things were as summer birds and longer days.

Retracing our steps to the garden we see two trees which are redolent of the past—a medlar and a mulberry. This last is not a beautiful tree. It covers itself with such dense masses of heavy foliage; its form has neither grace or dignity—and yet we love it. We would have no garden without it, from its associations alone. Thisbe tarried in mulberry shade in "Midsummer Night's Dream;" its fruit, says Spenser, dews the poet's brain: "it is called in the fayning of poets the wisest of all other trees, for this tree only among all others bringeth forth his leaves after the cold frosts be past," says Gerard. But a medlar is a tree of altogether another fashion. Its queer, crooked boughs, its irregular, unexpected growth, its beautiful white flowers, its fruit with such a mediæval air, Chaucer's glorification of it in his "Flower and the Leaf," Dryden's imitation, all these things give it distinction; and to-day, with its bright yellow and red leaves and green fruit, it is one of the most beautiful things of the old garden. Hard by is a cedar; its layers of dark green are a strange contrast to the harlequin brightness and galety of the fading tree beside it.

The house which is surrounded by such a garden as this began life as a priory of black monks. But, still in mediæval times, it was given to the bishop of the diocese for one of those many country houses which every bishop then possessed, and the monks were withdrawn from it. Then at the wayward will of Henry VIII. a division of the large diocese in which it stood was made, and, no longer necessary for the bishop, it became a rectory house. The last alterations were made to it in the year 1688—a stirring year: William was landing, a kingdom was changing hands, men in quiet villages were building great porches to their old rectories; it mattered perhaps very

little to them whether a James or a William reigned. The porch, the sundial over it, that "measure appropriate for sweet plants to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and to be led to fold by," half defaced now, the old windows smiling like the eyes of a friend, the staircase with its massive banisters, its wide, shallow steps—all these things are of the seventeenth century.

As we turn back to look at the house some words written of a far distant building come to mind: "The record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay, not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work."

A thing of some such individuality, a thing of life, at least of personality, is the old rectory looking out upon the village world around it from the sheltering trees of its old garden.

#### IV.

##### "CONTREDANSE."

When the rosy, rustic Miss Flamboroughs, flaunting in red topknots, were called upon to make up the "set" with the high-lived company so unexpectedly assembled at Dr. Primrose's, they had to acknowledge that, although they were reckoned the best dancers in the parish and understood the jig and roundabouts to perfection, they were yet totally unacquainted with country dances; "and this," said the vicar, "at first disconcerted us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on." A hundred years ago, then, country dances were the dances of the fashionable world, and the name had no connection with rusticity. They were, indeed, the *contredanses*, so called, says the dictionary, from the position of the dancers, the

present spelling, as well as the sound, being "catachrestic." But the whirligig of time has now finally relegated them to the country, and to a few remote districts in the country; and it may not have fallen to the lot of many to have been present at a gathering where they, in their many varieties, formed the staple of the programme.

In the little cottage-like farmhouses of one of the most beautiful of the western counties of England, dances are still a favorite amusement during the long winter evenings, and the country dance may there be seen to perfection. Small as the houses are, yet most of them have those large kitchens which are a survival of the time when wages were low and almost everything in the way of provisions and clothing was home-grown or home-made, and cheaper than in these cheap days; when farm servants were more numerous than they are now, and when those of each household had their meals and spent their evenings with the master and his family. And perhaps these large kitchens are responsible for the fact that dancing does still exist in these far away rural districts.

The notice of such a gathering—they are "subscription balls," and each guest buys a ticket—not written in the most scholarly hand and not spelt as the dictionary would suggest, although the schoolmaster is here, as everywhere, is put up at the village shop or "public;" and on the afternoon of the day fixed the winter thrush has hardly finished those few notes which are the prelude of spring and spring songs, when from little lonely farms stragglers are seen wending their way to the farm which is to be the scene of the revels. It may be rain or it may be snow, but weather does not keep country folk from their amusements, and they will walk three or four miles through even deep snow to be present at one of these popular entertainments. But they are as careful as

ever were Bottom the weaver and Quince the carpenter, of immortal memory, to look in the almanack and find out moonshine before they fix the date; and when we consider the distances to be gone, the lonely farms set in the midst of fields and reached only by cart-tracks through the deep loam, wet or slippery as the case may be, a moon is not the ineffectual pale thing it has become to town eyes.

Entering the kitchen, "the parlor splendors of the festive place" strike us at once. The paraffin lamps, with their tin reflectors glowing brightly now, give a pleasant if a somewhat dim light, which flickers and glows very prettily on the Christmas holly and ivy, little sprays of which are stuck into the leading of the square panes of glass in the long, low window, among the plates on the dresser, and even the old muzzle-loader on the ceiling, and the great fitches of bacon beside it are decorated, too, in honor of the season or of the ball.

The guests at first seem to take their pleasure sadly. There is so much etiquette, which can only be remembered anxiously and with an effort. And then they wear their Sunday clothes, and the solemnity of the occasions for which these are most often unfolded clings to them and gives their wearers an air of primness which is incongruous with the cheerful scraping of the fiddle. The feminine portion of the company all bring little woollen shawls—cross-overs they term them—and these are put on with unfailing regularity after each dance. The room is full of noise, stamping feet (the time of each dance is well marked in this way on the stone floor), scraping fiddle, and after each dance an outburst of clapping. But it is no part of the manners of this ball-room to make conversation. No one seems to talk except the mistress of the ceremonies, who is a very important person indeed on these

occasions. She is not the lady of the house, but some self-constituted leader, whose talents for the post she has assumed enable her to keep it at all like gatherings in her neighborhood. She who led the revels once, when there was

A chiel among them taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it,

was a brisk woman of sixty, known as Mrs. Cooke "of the Mill," dressed in a black stuff dress with no superfluous fineries, unless white cotton gloves are such, no ornaments of any kind, and no cap on her still black hair. In comparison of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill the hostess was indeed not in it at all: she was eclipsed entirely, a cipher in her own kitchen.

Among the other guests the village blacksmith was a man of mark as a dancer. He was very unlike the typical athletic, brawny black son of Vulcan. Small, rosy-cheeked, gray-haired, dressed in a light-colored suit (your rustic, to his credit be it said, loves bright colors), there was no trace of the forge about him. He "takes the cake" among the dancers, although his years must number fully as many as those of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill. The grand way in which he waves his hand high in the air may remind us of the squire in "Silas Marner;" and his mild, husky voice recalls another character in the same book.

The dances are many and varied, and each has its own name and its own music, name sometimes taken from the tune sometimes from the dance. The "Triumph," "Money Musk," "Haste to the Wedding," "Bonnie Dundee," "Doubledy Doot" (double lead out?), the familiar "Sir Roger de Coverley," and many more are on the list, and varied as they are they seem well known to the performers. But the elder people are the best dancers, and have less shyness than the younger ones; and when we

remember the number and variety of the dances, we recognize the fact that to be a good dancer—"a pretty little dancer" is the formula—is no mean art for young or old. But the old are, as we said, the best performers; the young men are "bashful," and stand in groups by the door; and the young ladies, in their little shawls, sit disconsolate, unless a father or an uncle takes pity on them and leads them forth to dance. The elders seem to get most amusement out of the evening, and one wonders what brings the young men and maidens so regularly to these gatherings, unless it is "to see and also for to be seen," and to do and say nothing.

The little gatherings are indeed *sui generis*. Recalling the many dances in the pages of fiction, they are unlike them all. They have in them no element so comic as that of Tilly Slowboy

in the dance at Caleb Plummer's, firm in the belief that diving hotly in among the other couples and effecting any number of concussions with them, is your only principle of footing it. They have none of the beauty of the dance at the Red House, in "Silas Marner," with its lingering traces of feudal dignities; they are superior to, and perhaps less mirthful than, the dance of the fisher folk in "Red Gauntlet." But they are very picturesque scenes, with their own beauty and their own comedy: picturesque bits of life in a land far removed from the ordinary beaten track of the world's highroad, and they bring a feeling of relief that such amusements are not yet extinct in rural England, are not, as we sometimes think regretfully, the sole possession of the peasantry of more sprightly nations across the Channel.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

C. Trollope.

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### THE ONLY WAY.

Because I've been unhappy all the day,  
I call to you a little in the night;  
Quite softly, so I should not hurt your rest,  
And not with any cry of sorrow, lest  
My darkness should break in upon your light.

Yet I call sadly, for my heart is sad;  
But then I think, you are so far away,  
So very far, that as my voice draws near  
The sorrow will be lost, and you will hear  
Just murmurings, not the sad things that I say.

I speak so softly, yet I long, I long  
To let my heart forth, tell you all my pain!  
And now the passionate tears begin to flow,  
And sobs come—Nay, sorrow's too strong, and so  
The only way is to be quiet again.

G. Colmere.

From Points of View and Other Poems.

## SOCIALISTS IN THE EASTERN ALPS.\*

It is not without hesitation that I comply with your request to write my experience and opinion concerning the question: Is socialism penetrating into the mountains? This serious matter should be treated thoroughly, even with statistical proofs, and I lack the time and opportunity to do so. Enthralled by my peasant idyls, I held socialism off as long as it was possible. But at last, with that elementary power with which historical evolutions move, it has forced itself even into my quiet mountains, and compels me, like every one else, to assume a position toward it. So let me tell you briefly and simply what I see in this matter in our region—a fleeting characteristic of our working-classes.

Will socialism penetrate into our mountains? It did so long ago. Styria, the ancient land of iron, with its great charcoal and timber regions, has had for thousands of years a considerable industry. Within this district are hundreds of thousands of workingmen, to whom, as everywhere else, come agitators and socialist papers. The class least susceptible to socialism is the wood-cutters, who still cleave to the peasantry; the smiths in the iron works, most of which have been transformed into huge factories, are more favorably, nay, *very* favorably disposed toward it. The miners were probably the most easily won over to the new doctrines of all classes. This set of workmen already has its admirable organization, its press, its unions, its agents. Not a Sunday or holiday passes without meetings in city and country. There is a strict centralized rule, under which, it is true, personal liberty is as completely

fettered as among soldiers. Socialism does not give me the impression of a party, but rather of an army. The political events of the last year in Grätz have shown us what an important, dreaded, yet relatively desired factor, our socialists have become; they have at last determined the policy of individual parties, and even of the government, by co-operating or not.

In order to acquaint myself with the new doctrine and its principles, I have frequently attended socialist meetings, and listened to the speeches. And I have perceived that these people, when viewed closely, do not look so utterly bad as they appear from a distance, disfigured by party intrigues. One thing is certain—they are no Huns, who wish to pillage and lay waste as opportunity offers, and from whom "the child in the womb is not safe." With us their principal objects are universal suffrage, the eight-hour working day, the pension for old age, in short the betterment of their lives and economical conditions. Their behavior is rough, but decent, any impropriety on the part of individuals is punished according to the strictest discipline. The discipline of the workingmen is exemplary, and therein lies their strength; other parties should take note of it. The socialists in Austria to-day are not only the most firm in purpose, but the shrewdest and most tactful of all parties. The Styrian workmen are divided into two camps, the "Black" and the "Red." The "Blacks" are conservative and under clerical patronage; but the "Reds" are in by far the greater majority. The latter, it is true, are so radical that they often threaten revolution, if their plans for reform should not be executed otherwise. If the little that is their just right should

\*Translated for The Living Age by Mary J. Safford.



be withheld, they would take more if opportunity offered! Besides, these "Reds" are even—national. A Styrian leader of the workmen, whom I questioned, frankly declared that the watchword of "Internationalism of the Socialists" was not to be understood as meaning that the workmen renounced their nationality. If the rebellious principles of the socialists were international, because the same evil is to be battled with throughout the world, that is by no means saying that they are anti-national. In times of trouble the workman would stand by *his* nation, because, naturally, it was nearest to him in every respect. Our Styrian socialists, at least, have never acted substantially against this statement.

With us, too, the socialists naturally present a firm front against the middle classes. They refuse in principle their charity to poor workmen. "We want no favors, we want our rights." They show a still greater hatred of that reactionary power which, appropriately or not, is called the clerical one, and which also most unjustly condemns and opposes the socialists. To them the socialist is not the Prodigal Son, to whom we extend both arms to help him morally and socially, but the savage revolutionist, the Jacobin, the anarchist. When, a few years ago, the socialists had obtained a very small electoral privilege, the clericals, so numerous represented in the Reichsrath, summoned their entire host to prevent the election of the single candidate put up by the workmen. The fanatical press behaved so abominably toward a party that also desires to improve its condition, that in Grätz even the middle classes rebelled against it and supported the labor candidate, who was elected. Since that time the tension between the middle and working classes has somewhat diminished, and in the Grätz riots, al-

ready mentioned, they made common cause.

With us also the strongest opposition from all parties is directed against the socialist principle of acquiring no individual property and using the day's earnings for the day's needs. But this particular principle is less emphasized in our region, for there are plenty of "Reds" who save their money and have homes of their own. In my opinion, the main effort of the more conservative socialists is directed toward moving upward into the ranks of the middle classes, and to belong to them requires industry and frugality, as well as political rights and the eight-hour working day. That an able working class must produce a young, vigorous middle class seems to me certain.

The prejudice against the "Socis" among us is beginning to disappear. We see in them not alien, hostile, revolutionary masses, but workmen who merely wish to improve their condition by all the means at their disposal. This every vigorously aspiring class does in its own way, and the more prejudiced and uncultivated it has been hitherto, the less choice it will be able to be in its means. We see in the workmen of our manufacturing region blood of our blood; there will soon be no member of the middle classes and no peasant who has not some relative in the factory. Whence come the laboring men? They are people from the declining trades and from the peasantry. We are well aware that the peasant is or was the conservative element of the country. But the government, for the sake of fostering manufactures and commerce, has omitted everything to protect him on his land and done much to ruin him. So the government must take with its flourishing manufactures the workmen and their danger to society. The abolition of the right of primogeniture

among the peasantry, the burdening of owners of farms with military service—they were formerly free from it—the division of peasants' lands, the introduction of the agent system with usurious commissions, the purchase of the peasant farms by "gentlemen" for the preservation of game, etc., are the principal damages which the government has not prevented, but fostered and compelled. The peasant, too, has committed his blunders, chief of which is the acceptance of the so-called modern necessities. So his hold upon the soil loosens, he falls off, and goes—into the factory. Every servant threatens the master of the house with the factory, if the latter cannot or will not yield to his demands. For the servants in the peasant farmers' houses, as well as the workmen in the factories, are increasing their demands and their boldness. We can already say that socialism has entered the mountain huts. The message, "strike down the lords," has never been wholly silent in the villages since the Peasant Wars, though it has rarely been seriously meant; but it now revives again in the factory hand, and often less innocently than in the pleasant village or on the lonely farm. The mountain peasant, who, in spite of his utmost industry, can barely live, would really have special reason for striving to bring about a social revolution; therefore, he has, it is true, a certain degree of readiness to receive the idea, but he does not become a "Soci" until he has left his home and worked in the factories of the great cities, where the utmost poverty and the most lavish luxury confront each other with fury and scorn.

This is my view of the matter. Under these impressions I have no special fear of socialism, but take it seriously!

Deutsche Revue.

It is a natural result of causes which must not be more minutely discussed here, or, to express myself academically, it is a necessary link in the chain of social development. It would certainly be more agreeable to me if this link of social development which, under certain circumstances, may be dangerous, had not become necessary, if we, especially in the country, still had the quieter, more comfortable and contented conditions, amid which it is so pleasant to live, and which are to the writers of village tales still more pleasant to depict. Perhaps the conditions which make human existence a pleasure will return in another form. The present ones scarcely do so.

The peril with which socialism threatens the nobler portion of our civilization cannot be wholly denied, and I know three methods of dealing with it, but as they do not consist of cannon and bayonets, they might fail in many quarters to find approval. The first is: Restricting manufactures, expanding agriculture, and returning to a less pretentious, more natural mode of life.—Will not be accepted. . . . The second: The utmost liberty granted for the emigration without taxation of the most radical socialists to attempt the realization of their ideals.—Declined. . . . The third: Meet the just claims of the workingmen, give them the political rights of the middle classes, the opportunity and the means to train themselves morally and intellectually, and recognize them in social life as equally important and equally respected as all other citizens of the state who accomplish any useful work.

This third method of removing the peril of socialism might be recommended as feasible.

*Peter Rosegger.*

## TENNYSON AND THE BIRDS.

When the broad-leaved sallow shows once more the soft yellow catkin, and the storm-cock forgets its winter wildness and the ring-dove on mild April days hovers in mid air over its nesting trees and the village children make posies of the white violets growing under the thorn hedges on the chalk hill-sides, then the lover of nature will away with his books and go to the sheltered lanes and coppices which spring first reaches. In the vigor and promise of the real opening days of spring we may year after year, in defiance of time and trouble, renew for a little while our boyhood, feel the "child's heart within the man's" move and tremble, as Wordsworth felt it when he lay upon the grass and listened to the illusive cuckoo. To handle the early song thrush's clutch of bold blue, black-spotted eggs, to come upon the fragile wood anemones in bloom, to listen to the miniature bleating of the "nanny goat of the air"—there are no joys so great as these to be found in any books about nature, not even in that one which contains "Bits of Oak Bark" and "The Pageant of Summer." There are books, however, that make the wild life of England still more precious to those who have set much store by such things from childhood; that put into living words joys, which, feeling deeply ourselves, we vainly strive to communicate in our own halting language to others. [It was a happy inspiration that chose the nesting time, and the revival of nature, for the appearance of the popular edition of Tennyson's life. Love of nature is the great thing about Tennyson, more than his patriotism, though not more than his poetry, be-

cause it was his poetry.<sup>1</sup>] The sound of the snipe is "dear and still dearer for its mystery" after we have read of it in Tennyson; the olive-brown, bronzed eggs of the nightingale acquire for us an added interest when we recall the same poet's beautiful thought about the music of the moon sleeping within their shells. Among writers of this age no poet can be classed with Tennyson as delineator of the wild life of English woods and fields and moorlands. In the Tennyson "Memoir" we are shown how conscientiously the poet studied the wild life observed during his walks in Hampshire, how keenly he sought out information respecting the birds and plants of the wayside. It was not enough for Tennyson, as it has been for most poets, to be steeped in the beauties and healing influences of nature. He would dive and delve in bird and plant life for himself, and find out the proper names and habits of what lived and grew around him before giving to the world those perfect word-pictures of his. Slight must have been his patience with writers who make poetic license an excuse for ignorance and carelessness of nature. One question, indeed, whether so true a lover of accuracy could have much sympathy with the splendid exaggerations of Shelley, who wrote of the whistling noise of dead leaves making the birds aghast, and of water-lilies so bright they "lit the oak that overhung the hedge." On the other hand, scarcely could he have failed to take delight in Shelley's

... "bee like ephemeris  
Whose path is the lightning's.

or the same poet's "moonlight colored  
may," and

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by His Son. Popular Edition in one vol. Macmillan. 1899.

... tender bluebells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved.

The "bee like ephemeris" Tennyson may have seen in his own Isle of Wight garden on summer and mild autumn days. His habits of close observation, especially of English birds, must have grown early in life, for not a few of his perfect pictures are to be found in short poems which preceded "Locksley Hall." In the fjord-deep little poem, "My life is full of weary days," we have the lines:

And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with  
    may,  
Ring sudden scritchings of the jay.

To any one who has spent a good portion of his boyhood in a "gleaming wood" in the south of England, this description of the jay's note of protest or fussy alarm appeals irresistibly. And what a picture, too, of the woodland spring this same poem unfolds in its "sappy field and wood," its "showery gray," its "rugged barks" beginning to bud again!

And at my headstone whisper low,  
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

Such a resting-place might half cheat  
the last long night of its terrors.

The jay is hardly one of the favorite birds of our poets, but the swallow, which to-day or to-morrow will be flying over English meadows again, comes into several of Tennyson's poems. In the "Dying Swan" we have the haunting lines:

Above in the wind was the swallow,  
Chasing itself at its own wild will.

In the "Poet's Song," which Kingsley, ever aglow with enthusiasm, declared to be the finest lyric in the language,

The swallow stopt as he hunted the  
bee.

In the 1887 edition it is "hunted the bee," though the bee changed into "the fly" later on—more correct, if perhaps not quite so agreeable to the ear. One swallow, says the old saw, does not make a summer, but many, according to Shelley, do, for we have his "swallow summer" as well as "owlet night" and "wild swan youth," the swan which paused in its cloud to listen to that astonishing "Poet's Song" that put the nightingale out of conceit with himself and caused the wild hawk to leave tearing its prey and stare. Beautiful, however, as Tennyson's swallow pictures are, they pale before Jefferies' description of the "white backed eaved swallow" in the intense "Meadow Thoughts." Another favorite is the martin. There are in the "Day Dream" "roof haunting martins" that "warm their eggs," and in "Aylmer's Field" one of Edith's cottages has "martin haunted eaves;" both recall Shakespeare's "temple haunting martlet." The plover which appears in "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen" and the scathing "Come not, when I am dead," is of course the familiar peewit or silver plover, a bird that might well take the fancy of a poet by its quaint ways, its bold plumage with crest elevated or depressed at will, and its cry so frequent on moonlit nights in spring. In April the bird will, as Conway well expresses it, "fly round and round, tossing and tumbling in the air, and at the same time making the country resound with the echoes of its endless 'peewit' and thus lead the intruder further and further from its nest." But it will do much the same at other times, when it has neither eggs nor young. How greatly do the curlews of "Locksley Hall" bring before us the desolation of the scene!

Dreary gleams about the moorland  
flying over Locksley Hall.

The curlew, called *numenius*, "new

moon," from the crescented shape of its beak, loves the wild places of the earth; its loud clear whistle, referred to by Tennyson, is the call in spring of the male to the female, a sort of love song, like the nightjar's vibration, or the hum of the "dropping snipe" to which we are introduced in the exquisite lines "To a Mourner." The "many wintered crow" of "Locksley Hall," leading the clanging rookery home, is a slight and deliberate lapse from strict accuracy. "Many wintered crow"—the *annosa cornix* of Horace perhaps—is here not a crow at all but a rook. Rooks there were, too, in Maud's garden, and a "black republic" in the grounds of Sir Aylmer in his "Aylmerism," roused at daybreak by the old worldling on his cruel quests. The "moan of doves," the "wrangling" of the jackdaw, the "booming" of the bittern, and almost above all the "low preamble" of the

nightingale, are absolutely true to nature. There are many other bird pictures and similes scattered through Tennyson's poems, amongst them one of the "fire-crown'd king of the wrens"—which is probably not the rare fire crest, lately found in Brecon, but the gold crest—and several of the red linnet, evidently a favorite; but it is doubtful whether there is anything so rare and so perfect as that "first low matin chirp" of the birds of the loveliest lyric in the "Princess."

. . . in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd  
birds.

There are few things for which it is worth while to have one's wholesome measure of sleep curtailed; but one of those few is to hear the small birds breaking into song, faint, desultory at first, anon "full quire," in the prime hours of a fresh spring morning.

The Saturday Review.

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## LAMENT.

O could the fallen leaf  
On the bough again be born;  
The old joy, the old grief  
Come fresh to the heart with morn!  
Spring will bring new flowers,  
And morning a new song;  
But I want not these; I long  
For the old days, the old hours.

The kisses that I kissed,  
The sweet kisses you gave,  
All are gone in a mist,  
Gone into Time, their grave.  
Could I once again  
Feel that old first kiss,  
This, and only this,  
Could heal my heart of pain.

Laurence Binyon.



## CENTENARIANS.

It does not appear quite easy to be a centenarian. Sir G. Cornewall Lewis no doubt was rash in assuming it to be impossible, and Mr. Thom, the Librarian to the House of Lords, who, after exhausting investigation, pronounced such cases to be excessively rare, was probably the victim of a pre-conceived idea; but even Mr. T. E. Young, the very newest authority, the late President of the Institute of Actuaries, is evidently inclined to think that the normal life of the healthiest and most enduring persons is considerably less than a century. The general conclusion of his very interesting and instructive, though rather overloaded, book upon the subject, is that the instances of abnormal longevity, which, however, do occur, are, so to speak, sports, or aberrations, which are probably, though not certainly, brought at the other end within the great Law of Averages by the deaths of unborn children during the period of gestation. The length of the potential life cannot, it is true, be proved, for there is no absolute reason, either in theory or in science, why life should ever end, any more than there is why a man should not be twelve feet high; but universal experience, or, as it is sometimes called, the "rule of frequency," is sufficient evidence. Human life, Mr. Young moreover thinks, ends, even in aberrant cases, very close to the century. The longest life of which there is proof that would satisfy an insurance office does not exceed one hundred and six years. The duration of patriarchal life asserted in Scripture, however the statement may be explained, cannot refer to individual life, and the cases so often quoted of Jenkins, Parr, Cornaro, and others remain entirely without verification. They are sometimes

frauds, sometimes blunders, and sometimes merely instances of ignorant credulity. The number even of centenarians is exceedingly few. The inquiries of the Institute of Actuaries and the Faculty of Actuaries, together with those of the Actuary of the National Debt Office, cover more than eight hundred thousand lives, and among them only twenty-two indisputable cases of life protracted beyond the century can be discovered, of whom four were males and eighteen females. These, it will be observed, were all picked lives, persons either accepted by the offices because they were likely to live, or persons with comparatively good means who had unusual confidence in their own chances of survival, and therefore bought annuities. (Mr. Young, indeed, makes the exceedingly acute suggestion that people really know a good deal about their own constitutions, and that consequently the self-selection of annuitants by themselves impairs the accuracy of many calculations.) It follows that even among such persons the chance of any one reaching a hundred is only about one in fifty thousand, while as the assured, especially among women, have usually surmounted the great dangers of life, the chance of any one taken indiscriminately from the population is almost indefinitely less. The custom of humanity is therefore against any one who wishes to be a centenarian, while apparently his own action will help him very little, the conditions of longevity being in great measure involuntary. Moderation in flesh-eating, it is true, and in the drinking of alcohol conduces to lengthened life, and so does a placid temperament, which, however, must not, we suspect, be artificial, as perpetual self-restraint

exhausts vital energy; but the three main conditions were settled before the aspirant was born. He should be of spare habit, which is constitutional; he should be of medium height, over which, as Scripture tells us, he has no control; and he should be born in one of those families the members of which have a general habit of living to eighty-five or ninety. This is much the most important requisite of all, and it is not quite established that it is not a universal one. Whence the quality is derived is not yet understood, but it is beyond question that there exists in some families a quality, as separate as any race peculiarity, which enables a majority of its members to go on living beyond the average period. They are not physically stronger than other people, and they are as often attacked by disease, but they have a power of recovering themselves completely after illness which other men do not possess, and they consequently decay more slowly. It is probable, though not certain, indeed, that this peculiarity extends to whole races, and that the greater average duration of Western as compared with Eastern life is derived from it. The Asiatic, that is, who is never attacked by severe illness, lives as long as the European, but if he is attacked he has an inferior faculty of recuperation. He does not recover so completely or he dies at once. It should be added that for those wishing to be centenarians it is convenient to be born a woman, for the present popular notion, which Mr. Young shows to be comparatively new, that old ladies tend to live longer than old men, is absolutely true, so true as to affect the tables of all life insurance societies. More of them pass the hundredth year, and they pass it by a longer period of time, though at last the oil burns out in the lamp in both sexes. (This burning out of the oil is, by the way, one of the best arguments

for the usually illogical belief of the materialists. It suggests that a man may have at birth a certain quantity of the essence called life, commonly supposed to be immaterial or spiritual, and that when this is used up he ceases as a living being to exist.)

Will the total number of centenarians increase? The answer must almost certainly be in the affirmative, at least as regards the comfortable classes. They tend, as every one can see for themselves, to live longer. There is considerable evidence that in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men of seventy were considered very aged, and that a man of eighty was a rare phenomenon; and of course the number of the exceptionally old increases with the number of the aged. There is no increase, or an imperceptible one, in the degree of the exception, but there is in the number of exceptions, a fact observable in another department of physics. The ancient world produced a few men as tall as modern giants—the Emperor Maximin, for example—but it seems certain that the proportion of six-footers, and, indeed, the general bulk, has enormously increased. The Roman soldiery were small, lithe men, and there does not exist in England a set of suits of Middle Age armor which the larger Guardsmen of our day could by any device or exertion put on for battle. There will, therefore, if medical science, sanitation, and the general habit of obedience to the laws of health continue to improve, be many more centenarians, — possibly, Mr. Young hints, so many as to make the sale of annuities based upon existing tables of longevity a very risky speculation. Whether that fact will increase either the wisdom or the happiness of the world, is a more doubtful matter. There is no particular happiness to be gained from long life unless it is also healthy life, and to declare that it will

be healthy life requires more data than we possess. There is no doubt whatever that health between sixty-five and seventy-five years has during this century been wonderfully improved, but after that age the evidence is as yet defective. Exceeding age, moreover, it must not be forgotten, will always involve survival beyond the average of people,—that is, a long space of lonely time in which all one's friends and most of one's relatives have by degrees passed away. That is not a prospect tending to happiness, even if we lay no stress on the fact, now beginning to be very marked, that the increased habit of longevity stops the flow of promotion, and therefore impedes the happiness of the general body of the young. As to any increase of wisdom from the increase of longevity, that is at least as much a tradition as a fact capable of proof. The earlier world attached enormous importance to the judgment of old age, partly because the young knew little and were in consequence silly, but chiefly because, in the absence or

scarcity of recorded facts or reflections, the invaluable instruction of experience could belong only to the comparatively old. True knowledge was bottled up in persons. Now it is recorded, one gathers it from printed narratives, and, as a young lady once remarked in the writer's hearing, "a good deal of experience nowadays is intuitive." Although, therefore, the centenarian of to-day may know more than the man of fifty—indeed, if his faculties are equally good, must know more—his knowledge need not be double that of his rivals in total volume. Taking all the facts together, we think men may be contented that the multiplication of centenarians, though it will go on at an increasing pace, is, and will remain, exceedingly slow. They will be subjects of wondering observation for some time yet, and when they cease to be it is doubtful if they will be a very happy or very useful section of mankind. The nonagenarians will have the best of it, but the octogenarians will be happier than they.

The Speaker.

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#### A FORETASTE.

God spoke to me, and on my tired heart  
 There fell a calm, so still, so strangely deep,  
 That all unrestful sounds were hush'd to sleep;  
 And in the dear, dread silence, like a dart  
 Piercing me through, yet healing every smart,  
 His voice came, sending to my soul a thrill;  
 But what He said I cannot tell until  
 Life yields to Death and soul and body part.

But oh! great Father God, if it be this  
 Only to hear Thy voice, and feel Thee nigh,  
 While yet on earth I find my dwelling-place,  
 What perfect, passionate ecstasy of bliss  
 Shall fill me when I rise to Thee on high,  
 And, purified, behold Thee face to face!

Sunday Magazine.

Katharine A. Brock.

